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THE FALL OF DELHI.

THE siege and capture of Delhi will be ranked, in after years, among the greatest events in the history of our nation. Not only has a heavy and destructive blow been struck at the head-quarters of military rebellion—not only has the imperial city of the MOGUL, with all its old historical and political associations, again fallen prostrate before the Feringhee conqueror—but Mahomedanism itself has been sore stricken by the Christian host; and through all the countries in which the religion of the Prophet is preached there will be a wail of sorrow and a cry of dismay. The tidings will circulate rapidly through the States of Central Asia, which have been looking on with eager interest at the conflict, biding their time, and waiting their opportunity; and they will spread westward with equal celerity along the Arabian coast and the shores of the Black Sea. Practically, in India itself, we have had to contend with little more than a military revolt. Our strength has been put forth to crush a rebellious army trained by ourselves in all the ways of modern warfare, and armed and equipped from our own magazines. The accident of the connexion of the MOGUL's name with this mutinous movement has failed to raise it to the dignity of a national revolt. But whatever it may be, viewed by the naked eye of the actor or the spectator on the spot, it has unquestionably loomed large in the distance. It has not been regarded by the Mahomedan race, in countries beyond our frontier, simply as a contest between master and servant—between a discontented or excited army and the Government which it once obeyed—but as a war between Mahomedanism and Christianity, upon the issue of which almost the very existence of Islamism was staked. Of this war, the "City of the Mogul" was the central seat; and as long as it remained in the hands of an army recognising a Mahomedan sovereign as its leader, great and exulting were the hopes of the "Faithful" in all the countries in which the word of the Prophet is preached to the many or to the few. The good results, therefore, of the fall of Delhi will not be confined to Hindostan. The prestige of England and of Christianity are now again on the ascendant among all the nations of the East.

Viewing the question merely in its military bearings, we were never over-anxious for an early assault upon Delhi. It was obvious that until the arrival of large reinforcements from England, it was wholly impossible to bring a sufficient body of British troops to bear upon the rebellious city to prevent the escape of a large number of the mutineers, and that, therefore, the material success of the capture, if effected in the early autumn, must necessarily be incomplete. We would gladly have seen the walls of the city so surrounded by our troops as to render it impossible not only for a single rebel to slink into the open country, but for a single rupee, a single cartridge, or a single bag of rice to be conveyed away. We would, in a military sense, gladly have waited a few more weeks to see all the mutineers with the property and the munitions of Delhi, in the hands of the victors. But, whatever the material results may be, the moral results can scarcely be exaggerated. And, it is not to be forgotten that these moral effects are greatly enhanced by the very

scantiness of the means with which we have struck this great blow at the rebel cause. If, without the aid of a single soldier sent from the mother country, we can accomplish so much, how fearful, it will be inferred, must be the chastisement which England will have it in her power to inflict upon the murderers of her sons and daughters, as soon as the army of retribution which she has despatched to India shall be disembarked from our magic "fire-ships."

On the details of the capture of Delhi it is difficult to comment with any precision, for they are not very clearly stated in the accounts before us. Indeed, the authentic part of the narrative goes little beyond the statement of the fact, that our troops had entered Delhi and had carried everything before them. Although—owing, it appears, to the rupture of a link in the chain of postal communication—we have no direct intelligence regarding the issue of the contest, the collateral evidence is sufficient to convince us that the mutineers had abandoned their stronghold, and that by the 20th of September the Imperial city was fairly in the possession of the British troops. Our loss was necessarily severe. Street-fighting is always fearfully destructive to the assailants, for every house is more or less a fortification, which the defenders are sure to turn to account. There is no report of the actual losses of the enemy; but we may be sure that it was heavy. Our troops, reminded at every step of the slaughter of their countrymen, and the fearful outrages committed on English women and children, will have struck home, without a feeling of compassion. No armed man will have been spared—nay, we must be prepared to learn that many unarmed, and probably innocent, men have fallen in the wild confusion of the conflict. It is always so. Unhappily, it cannot be helped. Even when there has been far less provocation—nay, when there has been no provocation, beyond that of fair and manly warfare—the inhabitants of an assaulted city are too commonly condemned to a fate which may well fill a humane man with horror and dismay. The blame is theirs whose foul atrocities have brought the sword of the avenger upon Delhi.

Englishmen will, we are sure, be satisfied with the address issued by General WILSON to his troops, preparatory to the final assault. We could hardly wish a word to be altered. One passage challenges especial admiration:—"Major-General WILSON need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers; at the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the country, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way." We have a strong conviction that this appeal will have been responded to by all the European troops under WILSON's command. What the Sikhs, following in their wake, may have done—for the Sikh nation have long had their day-dreams of the sack of Delhi—it is less easy to conjecture. But, if the innocent and helpless have been spared, it is surely no unrighteous source of exultation to a Christian people that God has permitted a terrible chastisement to descend upon a guilty and a blood-stained city.

FOREIGN OPINION ON ENGLAND.

THE news of the fall of Delhi will bring home to the minds of our foreign critics the conviction—we wish we could believe the welcome conviction—that the situation of the British Empire in India is not so desperate as they have laboured to prove it. It would, perhaps, have been too much to expect that journalists abroad should exactly appreciate the grounds of that confidence which has never permitted public opinion in England to doubt the final result

of the conflict in which we are engaged. Now, however, no man, however little informed of the real extent of the resources and spirit of this country, can fail to understand the significance of the fact that the great and decisive blow which has struck down the rebellion in its stronghold has been dealt by the unassisted force of the Anglo-Indian Empire, before the arrival of a single regiment of the reinforcements we have despatched to its aid. Even the editors of the *Univers* can hardly hope to maintain the unctuous tone which has characterized the homilies they love to address to Protestant England, in the face of the eloquent fact that Delhi has fallen weeks before the arrival of the forty thousand men who are just beginning to disembark on the shores of Hindostan. Continental speculators on the decline of England will begin at length to understand why it was that we did not at once jump at the offers of foreign assistance on the terms of renouncing our Indian supremacy.

It is not, then, in order to reassure the sympathising publicists who have volunteered for the last few months to play the part of ELIPHAZ, BILDAD, and ZOPHAR, by offering to afflicted England consolatory reflections on her own misdeeds and shortcomings, that we think it necessary to notice their criticisms. We trust that the despatches which have by this time been read throughout Europe may teach rash and irreverent men to pause before they dare, like the comforters of Job, to take upon themselves to interpret the inscrutable counsels of God. However, as it has been said that it would be a wholesome thing for a great man to know what the world would say of him when he was dead, so it may not be altogether amiss for us to reflect on what our neighbours say of us when they think we are dying. When a man is sick, he will always find plenty of friends who will derive a melancholy satisfaction from the obstinate conviction that he cannot recover, and who will soothe him with the assurance that his disorder is the result of his own imprudence. But the solicitude of a section at least of the French press to aggravate all the symptoms of our disorder, and their eagerness to explain away the slightest indications of convalescence, overpass even the disinterestedness which is permitted to friendship. That England is not loved abroad is a fact which the tone of these gentlemen's criticisms so abundantly betrays, that it was hardly necessary to state it so categorically as they have thought fit to do on several occasions. A very remarkable analysis of the causes which have contributed to this prevailing sentiment on the Continent has been given in a paper by M. J. LEMOINNE in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which has attracted much attention in this country. The author of that paper has the merit—rare among Frenchmen who theorise upon England—of knowing something of the subject on which he writes. Those persons who remember his contributions in former days to the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, will admit that he brings to the discussion of English politics a knowledge not surpassed by the first journalists of his country. We have had, M. LEMOINNE tells us, too much good fortune in our history not to have provoked an immense envy. Catholic Christendom rejoices in the disasters of the greatest of Protestant Powers; and a still larger class, “les nombreux amis de la servitude et de la platitude, qui, jaloux d’avoir vu l’Angleterre rester à l’abri des révolutions qui les avaient eux-mêmes si rudement secoués, et de la voir résister à une pression de liberté cent fois plus forte que celle qui les avait fait sauter, triomphant aujourd’hui de la voir blessée au talon, et s’écrier, ‘Enfin c’est donc son tour.’” M. LEMOINNE’S ancient *collaborateurs* of the *Débats* are very unwilling to accept this explanation of the tone from which their own criticisms are not altogether free; and they have endeavoured, by adopting an English mistranslation of the text, to represent the writer as having charged the policy of England with habitual selfishness. This is an accusation which, though disclaimed by M. LEMOINNE, we are very much in the habit of hearing levelled against us, without any precise allegations of the grounds on which it is founded. Whether it arises from our geographical position or from any more definite cause, does not seem very clear; but certain it is that a Frenchman always attributes to an *insulaire* an incurable moral isolation. If it is selfish to have pursued our own avocations, and to have been contented with our own form of government, while other nations have been exhausting their energies in revolutionary struggles, and distracting their industry by anti-social doctrines, we fear we must plead guilty to the charge. If to have been fortunate while

others have been unhappy, or wise while others were foolish, is a detestable outrage on humanity, we must meekly submit to be odious. After all, this is but a puerile ground of animosity—it is much as if a set of sea-sick passengers were to spite the sailors for being able to keep their legs.

The truth is, however, that the accusation goes further than the simple fact of the immunity we have enjoyed from Continental disasters. It is broadly asserted, not merely that we complacently regard from the dry land the shipwreck of our neighbours, but that we are actively engaged in raising the storms by which they are tossed, in order that we may profit by the fragments which the waves may cast upon the shore. To such critics our prosperity seems so malignant, that they picture it as compounded wholly of foreign misfortunes. England, in their eyes, is a great ogre, who feeds her commerce on the marrow of other States—a gigantic *croupier*, who fills her bank out of the losses of Europe. It is a singular proof of the state of French enlightenment on British affairs that our neighbours seem to borrow their ideas of our commercial system from the speeches of Mr. NEWDEGATE, and their views of our foreign policy from the writings of Mr. URQUHART. A Frenchman believes as firmly that the game of English commerce is to destroy the trade of other countries as he does that we sell our wives in Smithfield. And French journalists are capable of gravely asserting that the guiding principle of our foreign policy is to foster Continental revolutions, in order, by disturbing the markets of the world, to secure our mercantile supremacy. Against notions founded on so ludicrous an ignorance of the real interests of a commercial country, it is idle to argue—it is scarcely worth while to laugh at them. The policy which is attributed to us would deserve the epithet, not of “selfish,” but of “suicidal.”

But we suspect that the “selfishness” imputed to us by one class of our critics is due not so much to our interference as to our non-interference in foreign politics. What the partisans of the dynasties which have been successively displaced from the French throne can least forgive us is, that, of late years, we have consistently persisted in recognising the right of France to choose her own form of government, and her own rulers. Of all our assailants, the most bitter are the organs of the Orleanist and Legitimist parties. What these writers cannot excuse is the solidity of our alliance with the present Government of France. In their eyes, this policy is essentially selfish on the part of England, because it is confessedly advantageous. Of this form of patriotic egotism we are able entirely to acquit these gentlemen, for we must admit that they are most magnanimously anxious to forego everything that can by possibility be beneficial to their own country. If to be unpatriotic is to be unselfish, the Opposition press of France bears away the palm for disinterestedness.

As these critics have lectured us so freely on our affairs, we may be permitted to address to them a few candid remarks on their own. We may tell the writers in the *Union* that this “selfish” England of which they now complain is, at this moment, paying some twenty-five millions a year of interest upon a debt mainly contracted in a war one of the objects of which was to restore the BOURBON family to the throne of France. Our experience of the good faith of a Government which owed its restoration to our arms and our treasure, was not, during its fifteen years’ existence, such as to induce us, when it lost its position a second time by its own misconduct, to repeat the costly and unsatisfactory experiment. The Legitimists of France may accuse us, if they please, of selfishness; but if they have the decency to postpone their complaints till they do as much for themselves as we have done in our time for them, they will hold their peace for ever. We cannot always be playing Hercules to such sorry carters—especially when the first thing the carter does, after getting out of the rut, is to abuse and vilify Hercules. Neither have the partisans of the family of LOUIS PHILIPPE any just ground for the acrimony which they exhibit towards England. We accepted the Government of July with frankness and cordiality, and were always ready to deal with it on a footing of loyal alliance. But no man will say that its attitude towards this country, especially in its later years, was such as to make its downfall a matter of regret, or its restoration an object of desire. It may be selfish to bear with equanimity the displacement of a dynasty whose conduct towards us was little less than fraudulent; and if it be so, we plead guilty to the charge.

Nothing is further from our disposition than to insult the unfortunate; but really, if it is to come to plain speaking on both sides, it is well that the *Journal des Debats* and the *Spectateur* should know the truth. The circumstances under which the Government of the 2nd of December acceded to power were not such as to recommend it to the approbation of English opinion. But besides the motives of policy which might well induce the Government of England to act on friendly terms with the *de facto* rulers of France, there are circumstances—among which not the least important is the language of the Opposition journals in France towards this country—which have materially tended to change the feeling of the English people with respect to a Government whose origin they were disposed to condemn. It is not selfishness, but justice and honour, which compel us to regard with good will the first ruler of France who has ever acted with cordiality and honesty towards this country. The organs of the fusion have been candid enough towards us, and we only return their frankness when we tell them that we are selfish enough not to desire the subversion of the present friendly Government of France for the sake of factions that treated us with duplicity when they were in power, and even in their fall, assailed us with impotent malignity. It is when danger and difficulty overtake us that we learn to recognise false friends; and the monarchical parties in France may rest assured that the spirit they have displayed towards England during that dark cloud of Indian disaster which has passed away with the fall of Delhi will be long resented by a proud and generous people.

THE PRUSSIAN REGENCY.

WE know that an Englishman who eulogizes a reigning King is always suspected by his fellows of innate flunkeyism, or of some sinister object; and, on the other hand, we have never had the slightest respect for that frame of mind which chooses the moment after a man's death to say about him an infinity of good which the eulogist never could have dreamed of saying during his lifetime. The situation of the King of PRUSSIA, whose life is likely to be prolonged, but who, from the nature of his complaint, will never probably again exercise regal authority, gives us a good opportunity for speaking of him as he deserves to be spoken of in a country towards which he has always entertained the warmest affection. There is no conspicuous personage of the day about whom vulgar opinion in England is so thoroughly in the wrong. No more accomplished gentleman than the King of PRUSSIA ever sat on a throne. Learning is common enough in Germany, and therefore it is not a very rare distinction in the pupil of NIEBUHR and SCHLEIERMACHER that he is known to be one of the best informed men of the age. But from the Tyrol to the Eyder, wit is a scarce commodity; and it is therefore something that FREDERICK WILLIAM has always been remarkable for saying the best things that are said in a language which does not easily lend itself to pleasantries. The religion of kings is apt to be regarded on the Continent as an appendage of their state, and a mere instrument of political Conservatism; but no one, even of those who disliked the form of doctrine to which he attached himself, ever denied the depth and spirituality of the King of PRUSSIA's piety. He has always, too, been characterized by sympathies for which it is to be feared that a great part of Germany has much more respect than for religious fervour. His pulse has vibrated in unison with every one of the great movements which of late years have run through his country. No aspiration after liberty, after nationality, after new forms of knowledge or new forms of art, has thrilled the German public mind which has not been shared by FREDERICK WILLIAM; and it has always been shown to the Germans, by some demonstration or other, that he too was a German even as they.

It is impossible not to ask, and it would be absurd to try to refrain from asking, why a monarch so rarely gifted, and so largely endowed with the qualities which attract affection, should have ended his reign with so little honour at home and such scanty respect abroad. The explanation is not far to seek. FREDERICK WILLIAM has been eminently the wrong man in the wrong place. His situation has been the most unfavourable that can be conceived for a man of great susceptibility and quick impulses. He has been placed so high that every fleeting phase of mind, and all the ebbs and flows

of temper, have always been watched by a thousand envious eyes, and commented on by a thousand gossiping tongues; and his authority has been so great that he has been able to act at once on his speculations, and to give instant effect to his passing moods. If his actions had been more under extrinsic control, and if his character had not been so much of the nature of public property, he might have gone down to posterity as a great scholar, a great wit, and a warm-hearted and sympathetic patriot. But, as it was, the good in him has mostly been turned to evil. His erudition, however appreciated by the lettered circles of Berlin, has gained him, among that idle and frivolous German aristocracy which unfortunately does so much to form European and English opinion on the affairs of the Continent, a reputation for pedantry not unlike that which blinds us to the really remarkable attainments of our own JAMES I. Observers of another class have misunderstood his abundant humour and geniality; and to them we owe the calumny with which his name has been most frequently associated in England. But FREDERICK WILLIAM has suffered most from the false position in which a man whose sensibilities are easily wrought upon is placed by the possession of very great, if not quite absolute, power. Born to less conspicuous dignity, and more controlled by circumstances, he would have lived down many changes of sentiment which, carried out into action, have invested his domestic and foreign policy with the appearance of lamentable inconsistency. It is not given to quasi-despotic kings to "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." They are only too free to act on the feelings of the moment; and when these feelings succeed each other rapidly, the result is exactly that contradiction in outward conduct which the generality of men disdain. The King of PRUSSIA has always been keenly alive to the grandeur of his position as the descendant of FREDERICK the GREAT, and as the inheritor of the monarchy which FREDERICK re-founded with his sword. The conception of his kingdom as a sort of camp long made him cold to free institutions; but yet he could not remain insensible to the yearning of Germany for liberty, and the combination of two contradictory impulses produced that grotesque political establishment—the Estates of Prussia—which all Europe smiled at, and the Revolution of 1848 overturned. In that very year, 1848, he could not escape the contagion of enthusiasm for a united Empire. Thus he schemed at Frankfurt for an Imperial Crown, hesitating to grasp it from dislike of losing Prussia in Germany, and at last accepted it so much too late that nothing was left to him except to resign it with undignified haste. Every turn of his policy by which he lost credit abroad, may be explained in the same way; nor need we hesitate to admit that some of the finest qualities of our nature distinguish the warm admirer of England who threw himself during the last war into the arms of the Emperor of RUSSIA, and the patron of the Evangelical Alliance who refused to let his censors proscribe the *Leben Jesu* of STRAUSS, and who suffered his own closet to become the harbour of the Ultra-Lutheran reaction.

Though the days of *Télémaque* are gone by, and an article ought not to take the form of an essay on the education of Princes, we may venture to say that the qualities which would be most useful in a monarch who has to conduct a country like Prussia through the transition-period between subjection and liberty are neither the best nor the worst of those which enter into human character. The King of PRUSSIA has failed through an idiosyncrasy in which there was much to admire, and more to love; but the homely dulness of FRANCIS of Austria, and the downright idiocy of his successor, would have been equally unsuccessful. The late Czar NICHOLAS, though he had a striking mental organization—and though, as the French actress said, *Sa Majesté avait diablement la physique de son métier*—would have been out of place in Northern Germany. Perhaps a man not very learned, not very brilliant, but with perfect honesty, a firm purpose, and a frank straightforwardness, is most likely to steer the vessel through those ugly and difficult straits. VICTOR EMMANUEL of Sardinia, though far from a model of intellectual or ethical perfections, is nevertheless believed to answer this description on the whole; and we have a satisfaction in being able to say that the same characteristics are attributed by general rumour to the PRINCE who has just assumed the reins of government in Prussia. If he has only good sense and directness, he will bequeath a throne not more stable than august to a successor who will already have given pledges to constitutional liberty by allying himself with the Royal line of England.

AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

THE financial crash in the United States has been even more comprehensive than the earlier accounts, bad as they were, had led us to expect. The gross imprudence of the railway companies with which the difficulty originated, and of the banks which had committed themselves so deeply in their support, has been visited on the whole commercial community. Hundreds of houses of the most respectable character have been brought down, and so many of the most important banking establishments have already ceased to pay gold for their nominally convertible notes as to amount almost to a universal suspension of specie payments. For some time after Pennsylvania and other States had abandoned the attempt to maintain a bullion circulation, the New York banks struggled against the crisis, and were so far successful that the drain of their bullion had ceased, and their stock of coin had begun to show an increase. Whether they could have maintained themselves if they had had fair play, is perhaps doubtful; but they were too deeply involved to have a chance against the organized run which was got up, with the aid of the press, by merchants who saw in a restrictive policy on the part of the banks the certainty of their own ruin. The desperate remedy of a general suspension has testified to the rottenness of the banking system of the States, while the excessive rebound in the value of securities which is announced in the last accounts from New York is the most striking evidence of the extent of the panic which had previously existed. The idea seems to prevail in America, that, with the necessity of paying in specie, all difficulty in the way of enlarged discounts will disappear. But those who rely on a great extension of accommodation by the banks in the United States will soon discover their mistake. In order to enable them to resume cash payments after the crisis has passed over, they will be compelled to limit their issues with more than ordinary caution. Every additional note which they put out will only serve to diminish the entire stock of bullion in the country by an equivalent amount; and if the prudence of bank managers does not supply a check as stringent as convertibility would do in ordinary times, the drain of gold will go on to an extent that will necessitate another crisis whenever the attempt is made to return to specie payments. Should the Americans be deluded by the notion that the bold step which has been taken will suffice to restore their prosperity without the continued exercise of the severest caution, their second state will assuredly prove worse than the first. The position in which the banks find themselves is, however, likely to save them from adopting a reckless policy. The charters of the New York banks are at this moment legally forfeited, and the indemnity obtained from the Legislature by those of Pennsylvania is limited to a short time, and accompanied by restrictions which will not encourage a dangerous system of over issues. No dividends above six per cent. are allowed to be declared until cash payments are resumed; and though we think it would have been wiser to prohibit any division of profits during the suspension, the less decided course which has been taken will perhaps suffice to keep the expansive energies of the Banks within reasonable bounds.

The effect of the suspension upon the course of business here may be predicted with certainty, and has indeed already begun to manifest itself in the improved tone of the markets. America has, for the moment, ceased to depend on a supply of gold to preserve her commerce from destruction, and will no longer submit to the sacrifices by which alone she could draw our bullion across the Atlantic. An immediate relief must be felt here; and with the increase in the Bank reserve which is to be expected about this period of the year, we may rely with some confidence on having seen the worst of the crisis, so far as commerce at large is concerned. Even those merchants who have been most closely connected with the United States, if they cannot escape severe loss and inconvenience, will still derive some benefit from the diminished demand for specie in America. Now that paper will for the present supply the place of gold in the internal commerce of the United States, the difficulty of procuring the means to send remittances in payment of debts due to England must be, to some extent, diminished; and the recovery in the price of American stocks, should it be maintained, will place large resources in the hands of many English

firms from sources which, during the height of the panic, were practically dried up. At the same time, the speculative investment of English money in the depreciated securities of America will be checked, if not stopped altogether; and the normal condition of trade, which involves a regular current of specie from America to England, may be expected shortly to return.

We should not be much surprised if some of the paper-worshippers who still exist as a sect of fanatics among ourselves should point to the relief which the American suspension will afford here—and, if associated with cautious measures, on the other side of the Atlantic also—as an illustration of the superiority of an inconvertible currency. But whatever benefit may result is merely comparative; and even that is dependent entirely on the energy which may be displayed in preparing for a return to the use of a bullion circulation, at the earliest practicable moment. It may be true that, in the state of panic and disorganization into which trade had fallen, it was better that the bankers should suspend while most of them were still solvent, than that they should drop one by one, after their remaining coin had been entirely exhausted. They have now a nucleus with which to commence the formation of the reserve that will be required when the present exceptional period is passed; and the combined action of so many establishments has prevented the notes of each Bank, as it stopped, from becoming utterly worthless in the market, and saved large classes of the community from ruinous loss. But it must be remembered that if the remedy is found in the use of inconvertible paper, the whole mischief was mainly caused, in the first instance, by the want of any sufficient security for the maintenance of specie payments. If the American Banks had been placed under a regime as strict as that which governs the Bank of England, they would never have risked their own stability in support of insolvent railway companies; and had they been compelled to keep an adequate reserve of coin, they would have been proof against the schemes of the press, and almost proof against the possibility of a run. But, with the exception of an utterly insufficient stock of bullion, they had nothing to fall back upon but securities which became unsaleable just when they were wanted. It is possible that the experience of the present year may ultimately lead the Americans to adopt some more stringent measures in the sense of our own Bank Act, so as to secure the stability of their Banks under all circumstances which can be expected to arise; and if this should be the result, England will indirectly derive a lasting and substantial advantage from the American crisis as a compensation for the mischief which it has entailed upon our commerce.

THE TIMES ON MODERN EDUCATION.

THE *Times* has sounded rather a wild note of alarm about what it assumes to be the prevalent neglect of the body, and the excessive culture of the mind, under our present system of education. It takes, as the text of its homily, a couple of sentences from Mr. GLADSTONE'S address to the Liverpool Association. The curious reader, looking to that address, will find that what the *Times* represents as the main lesson inculcated was, in fact, a mere qualification of the main lesson—the main lesson being the exact reverse of that which the *Times*, with the pretended aid of Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority, endeavours to enforce. Mr. GLADSTONE was contending against the popular notion that the high cultivation of the mind is incompatible with bodily vigour or with the energy of the practical character. This was his main position, which he guarded by allowing that corporeal and mental education ought to go hand in hand. This, and not a eulogy on those who have the good sense to set the training of their nobler part at naught, was the lesson he read to the friends of the Liverpool Institution. And the example to which he pointed, in illustration of his lesson, was that of the reserved and gentle Charterhouse boy, who mixed little in the sports of his schoolfellows, but nursed thus early, in thoughtfulness and silence, the head and heart that were to save India at Cawnpore.

Hurried away by its theme, our contemporary has gone on to give a very distressing picture of English students, of whom, it seems, the greater part have the good sense to preserve their bodily and mental sanity by remaining dunces, while a few read and become hopelessly imbecile in body and mind. This is the theory of the matter, according to the

Times. The reality is—ELDON, STOWELL, WELLESLEY, CANNING, PEEL; or, if you prefer living imbecilities, Lord LYNCHURST, Lord DERBY, Lord MACAULAY, Lord HARROWBY, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Lord ELGIN, Sir RICHARD BETHELL, Lord WENSLEYDALE, Mr. CARDWELL, Lord STANLEY, Mr. ROBERT LOWE. These are the sickly sentimentalists—the morbid monstrosities of intellect—the babies in all manly qualities—the prodigies of undigested knowledge, who are formed by the English system of education. We may add Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord BROUGHAM to our list; for it does not signify whether their education, equally high, and essentially the same in kind, was received at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere. Who knows whether, if the veil of journalism could be raised, it would not appear that the unequalled power and vigour of the *Times* itself have been in part due to the writing of men who, it would seem, must have been turned by high classical or mathematical training into tumours of morbid intellect, and totally incapacitated from taking anything like a practical view of affairs.

The mothers and merchants of England need not be in so much alarm for the sanitary condition or the practical character of the promising sons whom they may have committed to the English University system. Reading men at the universities, taken as a class, are so far from being reckless about the state of their bodies, that they are generally very careful of their health. They are more regular than other men in their hours and in their exercise, more abstemious in their diet, more free from vicious habits which injure the constitution. They imitate the candidates for the Olympic wreath in their sobriety and continence, if not in the more active part of their training. We will venture to say nobody would know them from their fellows by their cadaverous appearance. They have among them, as far as our observation extends, at least their fair proportion of men who follow the motto, "to be ever foremost" in the cricket-field, the boat-race, and the tennis-court, as well as in the Senate House or the Schools. So far from being taught by their preceptors to strain their minds to the utmost, and take no care of their bodies, as the *Times* seems to fancy, they are constantly warned of the necessity of keeping themselves in good physical order by tutors, private tutors, friends, and all who are interested in their success. The fact is, people are not so destitute of common sense as a journalist in a fine frenzy of extempore composition may imagine. Men have the wit to see that good health and spirits are necessary to carry them through the labours of an examination, and that they cannot study to any purpose without a clear head, or secure a clear head without a good digestion and sound sleep. We believe the life of a regular reading man at Oxford or Cambridge, with his eight hours work a day (and no more is needed for high honours), his daily air and exercise, his cheerful society, and his reading party in the Highlands or at the sea-side in the long vacation, to be as healthy a life as any—at least as healthy as life in a counting-house or a solicitor's office. If there is a little exhaustion immediately after the last examination, three months with a knapsack among the Alps generally sets all right again. The victims of wet towels and strong green tea are, generally, not regular reading men, but gentlemen who have been devoting themselves exclusively to their physical development till within a few weeks of their "little go," and are compelled, at last, to put on the steam in preparing for that event. Of course, men are sometimes fools enough to overwork themselves at classics and mathematics, as they are sometimes fools enough to overwork themselves at law or physic; but for one man who has been injured by reading at the University, we think we could point to two who have been injured by boat-racing, and four who have been injured by intemperance, and the other vices to which idleness leads.

University education is very apt to get the credit of destroying constitutions which, in point of fact, it only finds weak and leaves as it found them. A man who comes up to Oxford or Cambridge with a confirmed and hereditary tendency to consumption, will not be saved, by his Oxford or Cambridge accomplishments, from sinking into an early grave. Nor must a man expect that, by having taken a good class, he will be rendered physically equal to employments to which he and everybody connected with him would otherwise have known that he was physically unequal. A sickly and sensitive youth shows intellectual power, and gets a good place in the class list. Immediately he or his friends take it into their heads that he is to be Lord Chancellor; and he is sent, as Lord ELDON said, to "live like a hermit

and work like a horse," in order to realize that moderate object of ambition. Being by nature absolutely incapable either of living like a hermit or of working like a horse, he of course breaks down; and then his failure is attributed to University education. If the poet COWPER had been, as he well might have been, a classical first classman at Oxford or Cambridge, instead of being brought up in the most practical way in a lawyer's office, Oxford or Cambridge would have borne the blame of his inability to pass his life cheerfully in lonely chambers in the Temple, and to compete with hard strong natures in the trying arena of the Bar. The fact is, that these men do not lose physical power by being put through a good course of reading—for the simple reason that they never had the physical power to lose. They gain intellectual power, which they might otherwise have never possessed, and are thereby enabled to be at least of some use to the world. As to KIRKE WHITE, we believe he went up to Cambridge with death in his face; and it seems very doubtful whether he would have lived much longer if, instead of being a hard-reading sizar at College, like the late sufficiently energetic Bishop of LONDON, he had been sent into an office to drive a quill. NEANDER, the other instance adduced by the *Times*, is a case not of a youth over-reading himself at the University, but of a recluse student in after life. The severe processes of thought by which high truth of all kinds is won, demand recluse study; and recluse study is, unfortunately, incompatible with excellence in gymnastics, and even with great sharpness and quickness in practical affairs. The NEANDERS, NEWTONS, and other wretched specimens, as the *Times* would think them, of philosophic humanity, suffer in their corporeal and practical part for their fellows, as the dull ploughman suffers in his intellectual part for them. We cannot at present enter into the inquiry whether the desire for high truths which leads to these inconveniences is a good part of the arrangements of the world, or whether it would not have been more sensible and practical on the part of the CREATOR to make us all alike florid and comfortable specimens of physical development, perfectly satisfied with ourselves, and entirely content with the opinions furnished us in the leading article of the day.

We have been led to advert to the subject, because the notion that University training is destructive of bodily health, and of those qualities of mind and character which depend on bodily health, will be eagerly caught at as telling heavily against a part of our institutions which the ultra-commercial mind is ever ready to pull down, and which, once pulled down, would never be restored. This is the only country in the world which has steadily, however imperfectly, exacted of the upper classes of its citizens the tribute of a long general education. To the elevation, breadth, and calmness of mind which this has tended to produce in our governing classes, we believe England in part owes the unspeakable blessing of having been enabled to keep her head above the wild firefloods of reckless change which have swept over neighbouring countries, and to walk with calmness on the path of social and political improvement. Certainly to this cause she owes it, in no small measure, that she has not been overpowered by her commercial tendencies, and degraded from a great and glorious nation into a crowd of dollar-grinding Yankees or usurious Jews. But the advantage of a long general education is never very obvious to a parent, the only real desire of whose heart is that his son should "get on in life." Such an education will not directly enable a man to turn a sixpence into a shilling, and it will directly incapacitate him from swearing that stale fish is fresh, or that a bubble railway is a sound investment. Therefore we have always felt that the existence of liberal education rather hangs by a thread. Let the thread be cut if the existence of liberal education really interferes with higher objects, and tends to unfit men for the first duties of life. But let it be cut by deliberate hands—not by the reckless writer of a schoolboy declamation, imagining facts to suit the literary exigencies of his theme.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

THE excessive vehemence with which the question of the Government to be given to the Danubian Provinces has been discussed, is not at first sight very intelligible. We can quite understand that different opinions may be entertained even by those who are sufficiently well informed to be able to speak with something like authority on the subject. In-

deed, so far from being surprised at any want of unanimity, it strikes us that there is too much difficulty in forecasting the consequences of any course that may be taken to justify very confident dogmatism on either side. The question is just one of that class which might be expected to be discussed by sagacious diplomatists without heat or animosity. Nations and their representatives do not ordinarily get warm in a dispute, unless some point of honour or interest is involved in it. Yet, with the single exception of Russia, the honour and the interests of all the parties to the Treaty of Paris require one and the same thing—that the Moldo-Wallachian Provinces should be made as perfect a bulwark as possible to the Turkish Empire. If the Powers cannot quite agree as to the most likely means of securing the object at which they aim, that is no reason why they should have come to the verge of a quarrel about it. There is nothing in the nature of the question to account for the energetic protests and counter protests which have been exchanged from time to time, or for the pressure which was used to annul one set of corrupt elections that others equally corrupt might be substituted for them. We have actually had all the engines of Statecraft brought to bear on the dispute. Crowned heads have been trying their personal skill at a solution. Intrigues, such as can flourish nowhere but in Constantinople, have been at work. Turkish Cabinets have been overthrown one day to be set up again the next; and all this commotion without any assignable cause, except that the Allies in the late war take different views of the machinery by which one part of their common purpose may be best carried into effect.

We do not believe in the motives which have been suggested to explain the strange eagerness which has been displayed in the dispute. The idea that NAPOLEON favours the union of the two provinces, in the hope of securing a crown for some member of his family, can only be entertained on the supposition that he has so entirely lost his sagacity as to imagine that such a settlement could be sanctioned by a European Congress. One must look elsewhere for the real source of the spirit of discord which has been infused into the discussion, and we shall probably find it in Constantinople. The main purpose of the embassies by whose presence the SULTAN is honoured and tormented, seems to be to keep his affairs and everything connected with them in perpetual hot water. The most innocent topic will furnish food for a diplomatic quarrel and a Ministerial crisis. It is enough that Ambassador A espouses one side to make Ambassador B zealous for the other. It is quite natural that an able representative of a first-rate Power should exercise some influence over the counsels of the country to which he is accredited, and that he should use it to encourage the policy which he approves. But in Turkey the rival embassies invert the order of things, and instead of merely using influence to promote their policy, they are ready to take up any policy that promises to increase their influence. The inevitable consequence is, that every discussion grows into a dispute, and every dispute develops into a fierce struggle for mastery quite irrespective of the merits of the question, if there be any on one side or the other. The quarrels and jealousies of the ambassadors can scarcely fail to react on their Governments, and serious national embroilments are risked to gratify the vanity and pique of a knot of intractable diplomatists. If there had been no ambassadors at Constantinople, the Moldo-Wallachian question would have been settled before now, if not without difficulty, at any rate without the needless bitterness that it has occasioned.

We are very far indeed from saying that the matter is one to be treated lightly. On the contrary, it is of the utmost moment that every possible barrier should be placed between Turkey and her too-powerful neighbour. But is it so easy to pronounce which arrangement is most likely to secure the safety of the Porte? The past influence exercised by the Czars over these unlucky provinces was founded on the religion of the majority of the people, and on their repugnance to submit to the exercise of any real dominion by their nominal Suzerain; and this foundation will still remain, whether the country be under the government of two Hospodars or a single King. The division of the provinces certainly has not stood much in the way of Russia hitherto, and the mere fact of their union could scarcely make them more accessible to the arts of their encroaching neighbour than they have always been. There are, it is true, real objections to the union, which would certainly defeat the scheme if ever its details were fairly discussed. Where is the King on whom

all Europe could agree? How can the rights of Turkey be maintained without casting a slur on the dignity of the new Monarch, and would not this throw him into necessary antagonism with the Porte? Or, if perfect self-government were given to the new kingdom, what stability could be expected from a people who have neither the strength of barbarism nor that of civilization—who cannot boast the fierce courage of savages, or pretend to the higher patriotism which is the bulwark of independent countries?

The difficulties which may arise in framing any satisfactory scheme of separate administration are likewise very formidable; and the recent votes of the Divans (corrupt as the elections undoubtedly have been) will add to them the disaffection of a considerable party in both Provinces—perhaps of a majority in one. The very measures that have been taken, ostensibly for the purpose of strengthening the defence of Turkey, have visibly widened the gulf between her and her frontier Provinces. Whatever may be the final issue of the question, its discussion, in the tone which has unluckily prevailed, has been of all things the most adverse to the Porte, and the most conducive to the growth of Russian influence. The question of union or non-union is not, after all, the most important. Much more will depend on the details of the arrangements for the defence of the frontier. If Russia is only to be kept at bay by the arms of Wallachians and Moldavians, it matters very little whether they form one nation or two. Sooner or later they would, under any form of Government, be certain to yield to force or influence; and unless Europe should step in to save them from a perhaps voluntary bondage, Russia would win the Danube for her frontier. On the other hand, if Turkey is allowed to protect her own vassals and to garrison her own frontier, she will be equally secure whether she have a subject King, or two less dignified Governors, to conduct the internal administration of the country. A material bulwark, manned by Turks, may serve for some time to mark the boundary of Russia, and behind this the additional barrier of a quasi-independent people will at any rate do no harm. But it is idle to suppose that Turkey can safely trust to the protection of a subject country, whose natural impulse must always be to turn against an infidel Sovereign, and to welcome the insidious aid of a neighbour who will promise, in the name of a common faith, to free them from the subjection which can never be otherwise than odious to them. We believe that the Punjabees have much more regard for our rule in India than the Rouman population feel for the Porte. Yet how absurd it would be for us to set up a native King in Lahore, call him our vassal, extort tribute from him, and then expect him, without the presence of an English soldier, to guard our frontier for us against the Affghans. It is not less absurd to reckon on the Danubian Provinces as a trustworthy rampart against Russia. The only possible defence is a chain of military positions in the hands of Turkey; and if such an arrangement is considered to fall within the scope of the Treaty, all the other questions are comparatively insignificant.

THE ORANGE MANIFESTO.

ORANGEISM, unable to wait for the funeral orations of MESSRS. NAPIER and WHITESIDE, has, after the Irish fashion, howled at its own wake. The paradox, aptly enough, represents the actual state of the Orange Lodges. They hardly know whether to live or die. Abandoned in their hour of utmost need by the organs of Lord DERBY'S Government, there is nothing left for Lord ENNISKILLEN's brass band but either to dissolve or boldly to proclaim defiance, not only to the present, but to any possible British Administration. Expectants of office will think twice before they adopt the latter tactics; and we suspect that though the Orange institution will probably thunder out some very long and sonorous manifestoes signed, "EDWARD WALLER, Chairman," the old tawny snake is scotched.

The manifesto just issued is certainly curious both for the political and the religious principles which it embodies. In the first place, it informs us that it is right and expedient, because it is the essence of "constitutional freedom," to "do whatever the laws do not prohibit." It has often been said that a Whig in office is worse than a Tory; and it is certain that a Tory out of office, if he is to be judged by the Orange model, avows principles which even a Radical would be ashamed to preach. Is the maxim we have quoted in accordance with the British or any other constitution? Could society exist if it were not understood that there are other

disqualifications for office than those imposed by the Statute Law! The Irish CHANCELLOR has not said that the Orange lodges are illegal—he has only said that he will not appoint any Orangeman to the magistracy, and that he will require that every magistrate gives a promise, before taking his seat on the bench, that he will not become an Orangeman. This, we are told, is an unconstitutional control of personal liberty. It is a new social test. But it must be so with all moral offences—society would be impossible without enforcing such unstatutory interference and “invasion of personal freedom.” Orangeism is, whatever Mr. WALLER may think, a moral offence. It is like a quarrelsome temper, or a horrid habit of swearing, or mental imbecility, or an “uncontrollable impulse” to stand upon one’s head, or to do anything else grotesque and intolerable in society. The law does not punish or prohibit these excesses and idiosyncrasies, but the world makes them social disqualifications. To a man afflicted with them, not being able to take care of himself, we very properly decline to give the care of others. Such a person would not make a good governor, or a very exemplary clergyman. Orangeism is this sort of disqualification—it unfits for the magistracy. A local notable, only remarkable for hiccupping No Popery, whose accomplishments lie in an acquaintance with the mysteries of Kentish Fire, and the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory, and who labours under the delusion that the existence of Orange lodges alone has prevented Ireland from drifting into the Atlantic, does not present that example, if not of grave piety, at least of common discretion, which is demanded of a magistrate.

If anything were wanted to show that Orangeism is not a thing to be trusted, we have it in that mixture of arrogance and drivelling presented in the WALLER manifesto. Here is the history and theory of Orange societies as drawn by themselves. They claim the credit of the regeneration of Ireland. From 1836 to 1845, the Orange institution was in abeyance. “For nine years the Protestants of Ireland left themselves dependent for protection on the Government of the country; the experiment was a failure; Government was not able to protect them.” From the revival of Orangeism dates the reconstruction of Irish society. Lord ENNISKILLEN—not the most impartial of witnesses in this particular case—testifies that the north of Ireland was, before the re-establishment of Orange lodges in 1846, overrun by Molly Maguires; but, since that time, it has been a political Garden of Eden. It would be just as rational to say that the potato blight and the famine were Divine judgments upon the revival of Orange lodges, as to assert that the last ten years of Irish prosperity dated from the reconstruction of Orangeism. We have been accustomed to believe that the fall of O’CONNELL, the working of the Encumbered Estates Act, the failure of SMITH O’BRIEN’S insurrection, the emigration of small tenants and the immigration of English capital, the administration of equal laws, and the discouragement, both on the right hand and on the left, of turbulent agitators whether of the Ulster or the Connaught type, have had something to do with Irish improvement. But in this, as in other matters, we know not of our greatest men. According to the law of ingratitude which characterizes humanity, we have been unjust to our noblest social benefactors. It is Lord ENNISKILLEN who has done it all.

What, however, is even more noticeable in Mr. WALLER’S manifesto is its constitutional theory. If all these blessings have attended Orangeism as it is—cleverly rehabilitated, that is to say, so as not quite to be illegal—what would it not be if it had full swing? What if, as in the days of old, it flung its flaunting flag over a Lord-Lieutenant’s head at the theatre? The theory is that it supplements the function of Government. It has put down Ribandism. It “has protected property and person.” Wherever “it has been feeble, lawlessness, outrage, and murder have had their Saturnalia”—wherever it has been strong, order, religion, and peace have flourished. We had thought that special commissions, and the constabulary force, and the transportation of SMITH O’BRIEN and MEAGHER, and the opening of office to persons of all religious persuasions, had had something to do with the return of peace, the extermination of Molly Maguires, and the decrease—we wish we could even yet say the extinction—of predial riots. Not only, however, is it Orangeism which has done this, but its functions ought to be extended, because such blessings naturally flow from such an institution. Government being hopelessly incapable of keeping the public peace, a voluntary Society such as Orangeism is the normal form of public order. Constitutional freedom means the

right and duty of individuals to band themselves together, with their own colours, and passwords, and flags, and party cries, to keep the country at peace, and to protect property. If this is the ideal of a constitutional government, it is very odd to find it recommended by a high Tory authority. The form of society that Orangeism aims at establishing, one only hears of occasionally in a backwood settlement. Kansas is the type of Orange constitutionalism. Vigilance Committees and Lynch law would be its most perfect development. To ensure the highest form of political well-being, all that is required is to empanel a Protestant jury, and hang all Papists, or at least walk them out of the Ulster Goshen.

Strong as he is in the constitutional theory, Mr. WALLER fortifies his views of good government by claiming for them a divine sanction. Orangeism is nothing, were it not for its “Scriptural principles.” “Almighty God” has hitherto blessed this sacred institution, and “His honour and glory” are concerned in “ordering its future.” “Scriptural principles,” above all things. We own, however, that we do not remember the text about orange lilies—faction fights scarcely recall the manners of the primitive Christians—party toasts do not occur in the Bible—and as to religious processions, good Protestants, such as Lord ENNISKILLEN, are apt to deny that they have much of a Bible warrant. However, we can afford to leave the matter as it stands. As patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, so, when he comes to canting, a political zealot must be at the last gasp. We had hardly thought so meanly even of Orangeism, as to imagine that it could dwindle down into such a condition of mumbling imbecility as to go muttering and maundering about its “Scriptural principles.”

OPERATIONS OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

WE have received the following most interesting letter from the military friend to whom we were indebted for the narrative of General Havelock’s proceedings which appeared in our number of the 19th of September. Although the letter has been delayed from the difficulties of communication, and the events related by the writer occurred some weeks prior to the date of the latest intelligence now before us, we cannot withhold from our readers his clear and graphic account of movements that will ever hold a prominent place in the records of the present struggle:—

Havelock’s Column—August 19th, 1857.

My last communication fell amongst thieves! A party of the Dinapore mutineers stopped the down-country Calcutta post-cart somewhere below Benares, and tore up all the letters, amongst which was my unlucky epistle; hence, if the present one prove more lengthy than usual, let the blame fall upon their brown shoulders.

If I remember rightly, my last account of the operations of Havelock’s column was carried up to the landing of the advanced guard on the Oude side of the Ganges, with the information that the remainder of the troops were then engaged in crossing the river from the Cawnpore side. This operation was both difficult and tedious, owing to the strength of the current, and the small number of boats procurable; it was, however, effected by the 25th of July. On the 27th, the force moved forward a few miles, to camp on the high ground, clear of the low-lying Gangetic valley, and allow of the remaining commissariat stores coming up from the river.

On the 29th the advance towards Lucknow began in earnest. The force moved off at daylight, with the knowledge that they might expect to meet with opposition at a village called Unao, three or four miles on ahead, said to be occupied by some men and guns; hence, no one was surprised when, on nearing the place, three guns opened on us. Two of our field-pieces moved forward and soon silenced their fire; but as the troops moved on, a line of white puffs of smoke from the orchard and garden walls surrounding the place gave evidence that the matchlock men meant to show fight. On this the skirmishers dashed forward, and soon drove them out of their orchards into the village; but when our men attempted to follow up their success, and clear the village, they were met by an opposition which fairly astonished the English soldiers.

These mud-walled villages of Oude, and their fighting inhabitants, are among the most peculiar features of the country. Every hamlet is at chronic feud with its neighbours, and all of them look upon open rebellion against the farmer of the r taxes as a sacred duty. The consequence is, that a century of practical experience in the art of self-defence has converted these villages into almost impregnable fortifications, and the villagers themselves into probably the best garrison troops in the world. A hundred Oude men will flee from ten on the open plain, but place ten of the same men behind a loop-holed mud wall, and they will hold their own against a hundred, nor think it much to do. Such was the case now in the petty village of Unao. Our troops were in the place, and all round it, yet they could do

comparatively nothing, and were dropping fast under the bullets of their unseen foes. Thrice did a portion of the best regiment in the field charge a mud-walled enclosure containing a number of men, and thrice were they driven back, with heavy loss of officers and men. At length it was determined to fire the place; the artillery drew back, port-fires were laid to the thatch, and the men of the Light Companies stood waiting round the outskirts with eager eyes and rifles cocked, like terriers looking for the rats to bolt.

Just at this moment the enterprising field engineer of the force, who had ridden on round to the front by himself to reconnoitre, came spurring back in hot haste with the information that a very large force of infantry, cavalry, and guns was rapidly advancing from the other side upon Unao—whereupon the work in the village was left, half done, for the Sikhs to finish, and the whole force was ordered to turn the village by the right, and move on to the front as fast as possible.

This was no easy matter as far as the artillery were concerned, for the ground was heavy, and often the guns stuck in a swamp for five minutes together under a galling fire of matchlocks; but at length the main road was gained again, and we pushed on through the groves which encircled the place.

Beyond these trees lay a level swampy plain of vast extent, traversed by a raised road, and over this we now beheld a force of fully 6000 men coming down at full swing on our front and left flank, with their guns in advance, distant about 1500 yards. Our leading artillery gun instantly unlimbered, and came into action at the edge of the grove to check this advance, and give our infantry time to deploy, while the other guns, as they came up one by one, went into action in line with the first. By this time the enemy's artillery had closed to within a thousand yards, and opened fire. The sun was at the backs of the English gunners, and they had distinctly-seen objects to fire at. In ten minutes they had silenced the fire of the enemy's leading guns, and the whole English force was marching forward on the foe, with the artillery in the centre, moving along the raised road. I declare, the disproportionate idea of such a proceeding seemed almost ludicrous to me, as I looked forward at the vast masses of infantry and cavalry with which the plain swarmed in front, and then backward at the small, thin line of men struggling on, with sloped arms, knee-deep in swamp. Yet there was not one of those grim-bearded Englishmen that did not *know* we should beat the foe; and a groan ran down the line, "Oh, that we had but cavalry to cut the dogs up!"

During this advance the artillery came into action as there was occasion for it, and, pressing onward, gun after gun of the enemy was abandoned on the road, while those in front of their left flank stuck in the swamp as they tried to carry them off, and were left to their fate. At last our guns came near enough to open on their infantry, and saddles began to empty amongst their cavalry under the fire of our Enfield rifles on the right. The horsemen went three about—there was a waver amongst the infantry—and then the whole went off pell-mell to a village in the distance across the plain, where we saw them huddled together like a flock of sheep, leaving us masters of the field and fifteen captured guns. It was now past 2 p.m., and the troops halted where they stood, for a couple of hours, to cook and eat. After this they marched again to Busarut Gunge, a large walled village surrounded by swamps, about eight miles ahead, to which the enemy had retreated, and where, as we learnt, they again intended to make a stand.

On reaching this place, we found they had three more guns in position—two behind a mud wall built across the road, and one on an elevated mud bastion. The two guns on the road were quickly smashed and silenced by the fire of our artillery, but the little fellow in the bastion—a small native piece—remained popping away after our troops had advanced, till a lucky 9-pounder knocked him off his perch. The Sepoys made but a feeble defence, and were speedily driven out of the village. Not so the matchlock-men. They fought boldly and well, but our men were fierce and flushed with success, and house after house was stormed and carried, till the village was finally evacuated.

Here I cannot help putting on record the indomitable courage—after his own fashion—of one of these Oude villagers, who was in a little mud fort at the entrance of the place which had been stormed and carried first of all. This single man had hid, and escaped the general bayoneting, and after the soldiery had passed on, there was he, firing his solitary matchlock as briskly as ever, on the guns, the baggage, the elephants—everything that came near him; and he wouldn't be quiet though called to repeatedly. So the end of it was, a party of Sikhs went and smothered him out; and the poor wretch was shot through the head as he was craning over the parapet for a last hit at his enemies.

The English troops encamped that night on the causeway beyond the village, having fought from sunrise till sunset, and captured twenty-one guns, amongst which were two complete nine-pound English batteries, brand new, from the Cossipore Foundry.

Our loss during this day's fight was heavy for our small force—nearly a hundred men killed and wounded—and the number of wounded took up nearly the whole of the available sick carriage of the force; so that, in case we fought another action, we should be almost deprived of the means of carrying off our wounded. It was probably this circumstance, coupled with the

knowledge that further opposition might be expected on the road, independent of the heavy fight which was certain to await the force before the city of Lucknow, that induced the officer commanding the column, to order a retrograde movement the next day. And yet it seems a pity that this was done, for there was much to advance on the other side of the question. The English force had gained a decided and really important victory within thirty-two miles, *i. e.*, a forced march and a-half of Lucknow. By following close upon the heels of the beaten foe, we might calculate on meeting with but slight opposition at the only one dangerous place on the road—the Bunoo Bridge, twelve miles in front of us; and from thence into Lucknow the road was perfectly clear. At Lucknow itself it was known there must be a fight, and a heavy one; yet it was also known that we could place our guns in such a position as would enable us, in conjunction with the guns of the Residency, to shell the whole city; and this, coupled with the *prestige* of our victory, our rapid advance, and the tales of the fugitives flying headlong before us, might count for something in the calculation of the chances. The English soldiery, too, were in great heart. They knew the difficulties, including the constant fighting we must suffer on our backward march from Lucknow, and still thought they could do it. Men in such a humour go far. Above all, the stake to be played for was a great one. The moral effect of a successful advance through the hostile country of Oude, and the relief of the Lucknow garrison, would have been incalculable on the country at large. If, it was argued, "the force be now considered too small to effect its object, why was not that considered and decided on the other side of the river? Once across the Ganges, caution becomes a misplaced virtue; and Danton's maxim, 'To dare, and to dare, and to dare again,' the only safe rule of guidance in a desperate case. And finally, to retreat, instead of advancing, was at once to deprive the English of the *prestige* of their previous victories, and to enlist against them all those of the fickle-minded Indians who had, till then, remained quiet, watching the course of events."

So the force marched back again to their old camp, the fortified village of Mungulwarra, and immediately began to strengthen their position by loopholing walls, throwing up breastworks, and so on, till, after two days' light work, it became an entrenched camp, wherein we might have defied the whole of Oude. And here we abode, waiting for reinforcements.

At this time a manifesto was issued by the head of the force to the people of Oude, stating why we, the English, had entered their country, whom we had come to fight with, and the like. Unfortunately, this was one of those good things which lose all their intended effect—indeed sometimes produce the contrary result—from not having been done at the proper time. Had this proclamation been issued when the English army first crossed the river, the people for whom it was intended would have received it at more than its full worth; it would have quieted the minds of the cultivators, and the effect on our operations would have been proportionate. It was not done; we marched on; and the men of Oude stood in doubt as to whether our hostilities would be directed against them or not. But when the proclamation came forth, after the English had retreated—to use the quaint language of my informant, the spy—"Now, the Zemindars laugh; and those who sat quiet in their houses before rise up and gird their swords round their loins, and are off with their fifteen or twenty matchlock-men to join the Nena Sahib;"—for I forgot to mention that this arch-villain is, as I anticipated, by no means defunct; he crossed the river into Oude, fought against us at Busarut Gunge, and was the first to run away.

On the 4th August, the force again advanced towards Lucknow, having received in the interim reinforcements of about 150 men, and two 24-pounder heavy guns fully equipped. The enemy had again come down to Busarut Gunge, and were said to be collected in great numbers, and strongly entrenched at a place called Nuwab Gunge, five miles beyond, on the road to Lucknow. The troops bivouacked at Unao that night, and on reaching Busarut Gunge next morning, were greeted by the fire of two guns. To these our heavy guns responded, doing fearful execution amongst the crowds which filled the village; while the position was turned by a flank movement to the right, of a portion of the force, consisting of the 78th, the Fusiliers, and the Royal Artillery battery. The remainder of the troops then passed on through the village, and came to the causeway crossing the swamp, from the other side of which the enemy were keeping up a hot fire of matchlocks and guns, both on the causeway and on the right wing of our force, who returned their fire with interest across the water. Taking advantage of the diversion thus made, the 84th dashed across the causeway and began skirmishing on the other side. The heavy guns followed, and opened fire at grape range on the enemy's cavalry, who were scattered to the four winds by three volleys.

We were now in a thickly-cultivated country, studded with petty hamlets, each of which was filled with matchlock-men. The whole force crossed the causeway, and spread out to right and left, engaging the villagers and driving back the Sepoys in front, while the guns moved along the road in advance. In this order we passed through the belt of cultivation, and came out on an open plain, where stood large tents and small, and half a dozen different camps crowded with troops, under as many different fortified villages bristling with matchlock-men. Our artill-

lery immediately opened fire on the largest camp, where was a pretentious red and white striped tent, with numbers of cavalry and infantry, and some guns, all of which beat a most precipitate retreat directly the 24 grape shot and shrapnel began to drop amongst them. But our guns were far in advance of our infantry, and could not venture to follow up without support; a halt was therefore sounded, to allow of the remaining troops coming up; and when they arrived the order was given to cook and eat, while a consultation was held as to the expediency of pursuing the advantage already gained, and going on to attack Nuwab Gunge.

The result of this deliberation was an order to retreat to our old camp—and, in my humble opinion, wisely so, for the chance was gone. Before this, we had only a few wrong-headed Zemindars to contend with, on the side of the mutineers—now, the whole population were up in arms against us. The Sepoys we held of small account; but it would be no slight thing for a thousand men to fight a people. Besides which, there was no concealing the fact that our English soldiery were now to a certain extent disheartened. Sickness, exposure, and unintermitting fatigue had done their work. Cholera, fever, and dysentery were rife in the camp; and a late Order, containing an insinuation against the courage of an unnamed portion of the force—that force which had fought and done so much for its commander—had, as a matter of course, been taken to itself by each individual regiment, and created a feeling of universal dissatisfaction.

It was stated—with what truth I know not—that the cause of the previous retreat was the receipt of a positive order from the Governor-General, which reached the officer commanding the force on the evening of the first fight at Busarut Gunge, to retreat upon Cawnpore, and that the advance upon this occasion was made solely on the General's own responsibility, in direct opposition to his order. If so, it is greatly to be regretted that this amount of moral courage on the part of the General should only have been displayed at a time when its results were utterly futile. Before, such disobedience of orders would in all probability have saved Lucknow—now it only entailed a useless fight, and prostrated so many more of our scanty force by death, wounds, and sickness.

So the troops marched back again to Mungulwarra, and there remained for three or four days doing nothing, during which time the question of re-crossing the Ganges was being debated. At length this was determined, and preparations were made accordingly by the field engineer, who chose a spot for the embarkation considerably lower down than the place where we originally crossed. Here the river itself was much narrower, but to reach the place a succession of swamps and creeks had to be crossed. Causeways were thrown across the first, and the second were bridged with boats in an incredibly short space of time, considering the amount of work to be done, and the very inefficient means at the disposal of the engineer officers. The commissariat stores and baggage were sent down daily, and crossed over, and finally, on the morning of the 11th, an order was issued that all the bedding—the only article of baggage the troops had been allowed to keep—was to proceed to the river immediately. We therefore anticipated having to follow ourselves during the night, and our astonishment may be conceived when at three P.M. the bugle sounded the turn-out, and we learnt that we were to advance to the front for the third time! The fact of the matter was, that the officer in command had received false information, which led him to suppose that the enemy had come down to Unao with the intention of attacking us during our passage of the river.

The English force marched off with their arms in their hands and their clothes on their backs, and not another thing. When they reached Unao, lo! there was not a soul to be seen; but there came in real information, to the effect that the enemy, under the impression that we had crossed the river two days previously, had really come down in force to Busarut Gunge, and that 4000 infantry and 500 cavalry, with one horse-battery and some native guns, were now lying encamped in front of that place. Having gone so far, therefore, it was now impossible to retreat in the face of the enemy without a fight. Accordingly, the English force bivouacked that night on the plain, and marched forward at dawn next morning.

Meantime the enemy, hearing of our advance, had worked hard all night entrenching themselves; and when we drew near we found them very strongly posted—their right resting on a small village on the main road, where they had guns in battery—their left on a mound about 400 yards distant, which they had cut down into another battery mounting three guns—the interval between connected by a ditch and breastwork lined with infantry, with cavalry massed on their left flank, ready to act, if they dared.

To oppose these we had not, I believe, more than 800 effective men in the field, for 200 had been left behind to guard the river. The plan of battle was soon formed. The 78th, Fusiliers, and four guns moved off on the right to attack the left of the enemy's position; the heavy guns on the left, supported by the 84th, went along the road to encounter the enemy's right battery, and the remaining troops and guns took the centre.

Our right—for the ground was good and the men fresh—moved first, and soon came into action with the enemy's left. They seemed particularly jealous of this movement, and turned

all the guns they could bring to bear upon us. I certainly was never under so heavy a fire in my life. In five minutes after we came into action, every man at the gun I was laying was wounded with grape, except the sergeant and myself; and four of our gun cattle were knocked over by round shot. The other three guns suffered nearly as much, and we found our fire had little effect on the battery in our front—their guns were too well protected. So we limbered up and got out of that as fast as we could, taking ground more to the right, and then found it was possible to move still more forward and take the adverse battery in flank. This was accordingly done, and then we had our revenge, for they could only bring one gun to bear on us, while we, with our four, enfiladed their whole position. It is true that at this time we were within five hundred yards of the enemy's cavalry, who, if they had had one atom of pluck, could have charged and taken our guns with most perfect ease; but a handful of Fusiliers, with their Enfields, lying down on our right, and the small body of volunteer horse drawn up in our rear, made us feel perfectly secure, and we went on pounding the battery without paying the slightest attention to the horsemen.

Presently an artillery-wagon was seen creeping out of the battery. That was instantly knocked over; and soon after a lucky shrapnell silenced the one gun which was firing direct at us. Our fire grew hotter than ever, and at last a swarm of men was seen rushing back in confusion from the trenches. Hereupon a cheer ran along the whole of our advancing lines—the 78th quickened their pace before breaking into one of their magnificent charges—and the Fusiliers on our right dashed forward with a yell, in loose skirmishing order, at the left flank of the large grove of trees which ran along the rear of the enemy's position, and which was full of men.

The 78th went straight at the battery, which still remained crowded with men—the gunners working their two remaining guns to the last, and only bolting when our men were at the foot of the slope, carrying off with them one gun, the team of which had escaped the shrapnell of our artillery. After bayoneting all they could catch, the 78th turned the two captured guns on the enemy. Some artillerymen were into the battery directly after, and we had the intense satisfaction of giving the flying foe three rounds from each of their own guns.

The position was carried at all points about the same time, the enemy flying in headlong haste. On the left, having the advantage of the road, they managed to carry off their guns, as we had no cavalry to catch them, and our men were far too much exhausted with their previous run to follow up. Having contented themselves, therefore, with driving the enemy clean through and away from the village, the force halted for a short time to breathe, then marched back to Unao, where they cooked food—and so in the cool of the evening back to Mungulwarra. Next morning, the 13th, the troops moved down to the river, and—so excellent were the engineer's arrangements—were all crossed over and housed on the Cawnpore side by nightfall of the same day.

During the time the force had been acting on the Oude side of the Ganges, Bithoor, the abode of our enemy the Nena Sahib, had again been occupied in force by the insurgents, amongst whom were the 42nd Native Infantry, who caused great annoyance to the Cawnpore garrison. It was necessary to dislodge these people, and on the 16th our weary troops were again in full march for another fight.

The town of Bithoor lies on the Ganges about eleven miles north of Cawnpore. It is situated on a rising ground, surrounded by orchards and dense cultivation, and protected by a deep muddy creek which runs up from the Ganges round the base of the hill. This made it naturally a strong position, and it was still further strengthened by a battery mounting two guns, and breastwork thrown up beside the bridge which crossed the creek.

On arriving within sight of the place, the enemy's cavalry were, as usual, discovered hovering on our flank. A couple of long shots were fired at them to make the foe unmask his position, and these were immediately replied to by the two guns from the battery in our front. A portion of the troops, consisting of the 78th, Fusiliers, and Royal Battery, were now ordered to deploy on the right and advance towards the entrenchment. The guns opened at 1000 yards, and, after firing a few shots, limbered up for the purpose of advancing to within 700 yards' range, when all at once a musketry fire opened on them from a village on the right flank. Two companies of the Fusiliers instantly went off to attack this place, and the guns getting again into action at 700 yards, fired with such effect that the order was given to limber up and advance within canister range. This was done, and the battery was quietly advancing supported by the 78th and Fusiliers, when, to our surprise, a regular hailstorm of musketry came from the breastwork in front, right in upon us. The mutineers had coolly waited without firing a shot till we came within range. By this both the 78th and Fusiliers suffered severely; they immediately moved off to the right, where they got under cover of some sugar-cane, and passing through it came out at the left of the breastwork, which they stormed and entered. Then turning, they went along inside, and after about ten minutes' hard fighting drove the Sepoys out across the bridge into the town and surrounding sugar-cane fields, and captured the battery. This was the first time that our troops fairly got at the enemy with the bayonet—for the Sepoys stood and fought it out—and had they not been so much exhausted with their morning's march in

the sun, the slaughter would have been much greater. As it was, about three hundred of the enemy were killed, of whom it was computed about sixty fell by the bayonet alone.

While this was going on, the remaining portion of the force was engaged with the enemy posted in the sugar-cane fields on the left, and having driven them out of their cover, the whole force went forward pursuing the foe, who retreated, fighting through the town, till they finally broke and fled on the other side, in the direction of the Grand Trunk Road to Delhi. The old Residency, used by the Rajah as his palace, stood on that side the town; there were a number of tents in the garden, and the place was full of their cavalry, who were busy plundering and carrying off all they could lift. It was a fine opportunity for catching them, but the Sikhs, to whom the task was allotted, made a mess of it, by shouting and getting excited, instead of going quietly to work; so that the horsemen caught the alarm before they were surrounded, and scampered off incontinently without much loss, to the great wrath of the remainder of the troops when they heard what had happened.

In this action the ill effect of marching Englishmen in India by day, instead of by night, was particularly manifest. The men came into action so fagged with the heavy road and hot sun, that ere half the fight was over, they were utterly exhausted, and could not do half the execution they would otherwise have done, had they been fresher. Were the system of the old Indian generals adopted, of marching during the night, halting when within a few miles of the place till dawn, and then going on again in the grey of the morning, every man would be fresh and ready for any amount of work that might be before him. Curious to relate, the enemy on this occasion seemed to be quite as much exhausted as our own men. Some of them actually threw themselves down from exhaustion, and suffered themselves to be bayoneted rather than stir. The cause of this was discovered after the action, from one of our Thannadars who had been made prisoner and escaped during the confusion of the flight. The day previous was a Hindu fast, which had been strictly kept by all the Sepoys, who therefore had to fight upon empty stomachs. "Had we," the man said, "been able to follow up the fugitives for another four miles, we might have killed almost the whole of them;" for he "saw the Sepoys throw themselves down on the ground by scores, utterly unable from exhaustion to stir another step."

The troops remained that day bivouacked in and around the old Residency, and next morning marched back to Cawnpore, where it is supposed they will go into camp and rest awhile. Of this, however, I am not as yet certain, since I am at present away from thence, having been despatched the next morning with a couple of guns on board a steamer, in company with a detachment of infantry, to proceed down the river, and destroy any boats that might be collected on the Oude side of the Ganges.

One thing, however, is certain—the troops want rest. It is now about forty days since the column left Allahabad, during which time it has fought an action on an average every fourth day, captured seventy-one guns, and lost upwards of a fourth of its numbers. It was really pitiable to see the regiments marching back from Bithoor. The 78th left Allahabad over three hundred strong—it is now reduced to less than a hundred fighting men. The 64th, that started a few months ago for Persia a thousand strong, is now reduced to hardly the size of two companies; and the rest in proportion. Meantime, report says that the Gwalior force, fully equipped, and with thirty-one guns, are marching upon Cawnpore. Truly, the sooner the English reinforcements come, the better.

MILLINERS' BILLS.

To amuse the public during the Parliamentary holiday, a succession of victims must be thrown to the lions. This year the ladies have been among the victims, and certainly have made excellent sport. First came the wife and step-daughter of Colonel Waugh, whose bills for smart dresses were laid before the eyes of curious connoisseurs, and who, with their ten-guinea parasols, and five-guinea pocket-handkerchiefs, show how easily five hundred pounds a-month may be expended in making the body of a civilized female presentable and decent. *Punch* has existed for some months on the fun of large dresses getting into small carriages, and other similar pleasantries; and as the drawings have always been excellent, and the letterpress above the average, the subject has really given food for much laughter. Then "Eleanor" wrote a long letter to the *Times*, in which she took advantage of the Fast Day to exhort her countrywomen to dress more tightly and cheaply. Lastly, the *Westminster* has an elaborate review of the whole subject, under the title of "Female Dress in 1857," in which the revival of the "barbaric ages of dress" is deplored in a very appropriate vein of smart exaggeration. "Sunday," we are informed, "is changed. The children cannot go to church, because mamma leaves no room for them." The article is exceedingly well written; and if good writing could effect a change, contract skirts, and reduce the milliners' and dressmakers' bills, the writer in the *Westminster* might hope to be the apostle of a wholesome reform.

The invectives may be distributed under two heads. They either attack the prevailing fashion as an ugly, cumbrous, and awkward fashion, or they are directed against the increasing extravagance and love of dress which are observable among the

women of England in every class. These are two quite distinct points. Of course, a dress with a broad skirt will cost more than one with a narrow skirt, but as long as women are determined to spend money on dress, which we believe to be at present the case, they will always find some means of displaying their wealth in their wardrobe. To use double the number of breadths necessary is a very uninventive and obvious means of accomplishing this end, but it is not the only one. Looked at merely as a fashion, the rage for tiny bonnets and voluminous skirts is a silly and unbecoming one. Unfortunately, however, fashions do not die out at once because they are silly and unbecoming. The grandchildren of men who wore powder cannot forget that fashion protected for many years, against all the assaults of reason, a custom which for dirt and ugliness has scarcely been surpassed among the most savage nations. The *Westminster Reviewer* seems to have a notion that, as the present inventors of fashions have set such a foolish style of dress afloat, they had better be superseded, and some one else selected to take their place. The possible downfall of the Napoleon dynasty is hailed with delight as involving the removal of the pernicious influence of the Empress Eugénie. Personally, the writer seems in favour of the adoption of something approaching to the Bloomer costume, which is demonstrated on principles of pure reason to be the ideal of female dress. But pure reason and an appreciation of the ideal do not enable a person to set the fashion. What it is that gives this power, it is hard to say. The power is, in some inscrutable way, possessed and exerted. What is it that gives fashion in society? Certain women say that certain men are the fashion, and in return certain men say that certain women are the fashion, and all at once it is recognised that this is true, and they are the fashion. People ten times as rich, and clever, and handsome may give their opinions, but they only remain private opinions, and the mysterious power which should stamp the object of their remarks with the impress of fashion is wanting. The silliest Paris milliner that can get access to the backstairs of the Tuileries is more powerful than all the sensible women in the universe. There is no remedy but time and the insatiable love of novelty which reigns in the breasts of milliners and Empresses. Time will make the bonnet once more useful, and the petticoat once more convenient. Meanwhile, who are we that we should throw stones at women for blindly following a fashion, however inconvenient or stupid? Surely men cannot laugh at a custom as inconvenient when they walk about with triangles of hardened linen sawing into their whiskers; nor can they deride gregarious stupidity, when merchants rush with one consent to set up golden statues in honour of the luckiest speculator of the day—when lawyers unite to pronounce the English law the perfection of reason—and when theologians entertain scruples in common as to whether they can safely pronounce that a good wash on Sundays is a work of necessity to themselves and of charity to their neighbours.

The comic writers naturally attack the absurdity of the fashion, but the moralists, with "Eleanor" at their head, devote themselves to exposing and bewailing the extravagance, vanity, and love of finery which year by year infect, it is said, more and more the women of England. Extravagance and the love of finery are bad things; but if we are finding fault, let us look at the whole of the picture, and see why these follies are spreading. They are but symptoms of a great social change, which is revealed in a thousand other ways. Two processes are going on—the nation is getting enormously rich, and the different classes of society are attaining a superficial equality; and we see the indications of these processes in countless ways. Dress only forms one conspicuous example. The rapid enrichment of the middle classes gives them a great deal of money to spend, and they like to spend it on dress, because they thus attain a sort of outside equality with the aristocracy. The moralists accuse the middle classes of extravagance, but the fact is that the middle classes have made a great deal of money lately. It has been proved over and over again that they are ruining themselves—they are so lavish. They must have their summer excursions, and their expensive gardens, and their high education, and their suitable establishments, and so forth. But they are not ruined; and if the reason is asked, it cannot be stated more concisely than by saying that the exports of the country have more than doubled in the last ten years. Then, as all classes are brought, outwardly at least, nearer together by the spread of education, by the tendency of modern nations to a democratical equality, by the substitution of the principle of contract for the principle of dependence, the first impulse of those in each class is to spend their surplus money in purchasing certain exterior indications of superiority once confined to the class above them. When a maid sees her mistress turn out in a lovely bonnet, composed of a finger's breadth of lace and several dozen artificial flowers, she can at least revenge herself for her involuntary admiration by purchasing a trumpery imitation. Her mistress does exactly the same thing. She hears from her milliner what the leaders of fashion wear, and she delights to think that there is one thing in which money will enable her to rival them. Though she cannot get to their parties, she can at least spend as much as they do in dress. So, at the end of the year, her milliner's bill is rather heavy. But she is not alone in her extravagance. Her husband refuses to smoke worse or fewer cigars than a duke; if he rides, he must have a horse fit to be seen; if he asks a friend to dine at his club, the bill is a thing between him and his own conscience, not a thing to be seen by moralists or wives. It all

comes to this—England is very rich, and her riches are in a great measure acquired by the middle class. This class wishes to push up and to enjoy itself—not the most exalted of wishes, certainly, but one so widely felt as to make it very unfair to single out milliners' bills as the one target of a sumptuary morality.

If it were distinctly and altogether wrong to buy fine dresses, it would be comparatively easy to persuade women to buy plain ones. But the moralists are all in favour of letting women of rank buy handsome clothes. We are all familiar with those rich black velvets and falls of priceless lace in which the Lady Catharines of religious novels are wont to overawe, and yet cast a reflected dignity upon, the heroine. But if a manufacturer's wife and daughters give twenty guineas for a dress, there are passages in the Epistles of St. Paul all ready for their reprobation. We will venture to say a word in defence of these ladies. It is one of the common boasts of English constitutionalists, that the aristocracy of this country is not cut off from the commonalty—that it does not form a distinct class—that the heirs of old families seek rich wives in the circles of *parvenus*—and that wealth and rank are constantly allying themselves. It is observed that this is a very great national advantage—that it makes an aristocracy and a House of Peers possible in a free country, and that it brings the refinement and high feeling of the upper class to play upon the inferior grades of society. This is very true; but how is this desirable end attained? It is by the upper class being ready to descend, and the lower to ascend. Now, a rich young lady whose papa has made a fortune by cotton-spinning, may, with some justice, say that she is exactly the person to aid in working out this great national good. She cannot be sure of marrying a nobleman, but she can keep herself in a state of preparation for the position of a nobleman's wife. She can take care that when a lover in search of a lady to pay off incumbrances comes to her house, he shall find that she dresses as well as his own sisters. She wishes to know great people; it is their acquaintance that she wishes to buy with her money; and philosophers inform her that she is contributing to the consolidation of English society, and remotely to the preservation of the English Constitution, by bringing together the aristocracies of wealth and birth. But, in order to do so, she must exhibit the signs of a superficial equality. She must have fine horses and a good carriage; and, above all, she must run up a heavy dressmaker's bill. It is true that she may do this to an excess; and, in paring off this excess, a moralist has an indisputable field. But he has rather a difficult task. He allows that the interests of society demand that the lady should buy five *moire antiques* and five *glacé* silks, but he insists that religion and reason forbid her to make up the half-dozen. He is right—there is a point at which she ought to stop. He has got hold of a truth, but it is a truth hard to bring home to the mind of his hearer.

We think, then, that the extravagance of women in dress is only one form of a general extravagance—only one symptom of a general movement of society—and that it is not at all true that a woman in the middle classes has no right to buy handsome gowns. But we should be sorry to omit to say, that women may choose a better part. A great number of ladies neither follow fashion to its extremes, nor lose their heads when they get to a milliner's shop. They are satisfied with their own position. The wives and daughters of the country gentry, of the clergy, of a large portion of the members of other professions and callings, only desire to dress so as to elicit no remark, and prefer purchasing a great many other things to purchasing finery. In a lower grade, servants are often influenced by kind and sensible mistresses, or by old-fashioned parents, and are persuaded not to commit the dreadful folly of putting all their wages on their backs. Even in the highest grades of society, there are many women who dress as cheaply as their station will permit them, in order to have more to expend in works of charity. Such women are the salt of the earth. It is very easy to decide which we should prefer—a woman who indulges in extravagance, or a woman who avoids it. But when female extravagance in dress is fixed upon as a convenient topic of popular abuse, and we are asked to sit in judgment on it as on one of the most alarming features of our time, we must take into consideration all its attendant circumstances. It will certainly affect our estimate of this extravagance when we remember that it is only one part of the great sum of extravagance consequent on the rapid advance of the country in wealth; and it will certainly colour our judgment of particular individuals when we reflect that we cannot say that the purchase of a great number of fine clothes is in itself, and absolutely, a sin.

BELGRAVIA FURIOSA.

BELGRAVIA is in a ferment, and "South Belgravia" has broken all restraint. "The peace and tranquillity of its streets and residences are disturbed by day and night." The provisions which the omnipotence of Parliament has provided, are "wholly inoperative to give deliverance." A "positive invasion of right" is being committed. The "peaceable inhabitants" find themselves the "victims of a system," and they look to the Legislature "to restore the right to enjoy tranquillity in their homes, of which the weak legislation of the Police Act is the means of depriving them." What great enormity, our readers

will anxiously inquire, is being committed, to rouse that aristocratic quarter to such a divine wrath?—

Quo numine laso

Quidve dolens?

Can the sacred region of crinoline and imperatrice coiffeurs—the paradise of Yellowplush—display such unwonted fires?—

Tantene animis celestibus ira?

Has Nana Sahib established a branch correspondence in Lowndes-square, or Brigham Young concluded a bargain for the Pavilion, Hans Place?

No such thing. The cause of the irritation is organic. The *Até* which has kindled the torch is the fraternity of perambulating musicians—"we believe exclusively foreigners, having barrel or hand organs, and such like instruments" (refined periphrasis for hurdy-gurdies!) "for the purpose of obtaining money." The mercenary villains! They actually exercise their craft for the purpose of obtaining money, instead of turning their handles or twiddling their guitars, like gentlemanly troubadours, in the hopes of being rewarded by one glance of the *beaux yeux*, for which the readers of Mrs. Gore's novels need not be told that Belgrave-square is famous.

In fact, we have been giving extracts from a petition from Belgravia, and Belgravia South, to Parliament against the "organ nuisance," as it is termed, which, wonderful to relate, lies for signature at the Pimlico Literary and Scientific Institution. The terms in which this outburst of national feeling are couched are, it will be seen, such as would, across the Channel, have rendered its authors, if they could be caught—and if not, the Belgravians indiscriminately—subject to a State prosecution for conspiring to overturn the Empire, to spread hatred and anarchy among various classes of the community, and to endanger the life of the Emperor. Indeed, the petition winds up with a deliberate charge against the Legislature of endeavouring to turn the inhabitants of a populous and important quarter homeless into the organ-haunted street, and to convert Pimlico into a second Auburn, for it demands the restoration to the petitioners of "the right to enjoy tranquillity in their homes, of which the weak legislation of the Police Act is the means of depriving them." Is it, then, possible that the custom of eviction has spread from Mayo to Mayfair, and that Sir Richard Mayne and his myrmidons are the heartless instruments of the Marquess of Westminster's unfeeling devotion to punctual payments?

We have no intention of setting up as the advocates of the itinerant corps of organists. We gladly admit that they may often be undeniable nuisances, if not the natural enemies of some invalids and all hypochondriacs. But we protest against the indiscriminate and Bumble-like proscription of all street music. The risk which that time-honoured institution and delight of our childhood, Punch, ran some years back rankles in our recollection. A popular air played in the morning on a barrel-organ may be an intolerable grievance to the fine lady who rises late and jaded from the enjoyment of the same tune the night before at the Lyceum or the Queen's Theatre. But there are classes to whom not the opera only, but even Jullien's cheap Concert room, is *terra incognita*, who yet have hearts to be moved by the beauties of sound, and who, if they cannot enjoy it under conditions where any admixture of vice is impossible, will be driven to seek it at the penny gaff. The love of music is a feeling implanted by Providence in the human heart, which not all the black laws of Connecticut can eradicate. It is, therefore, at once wise policy and practical Christianity to exercise a mild discretion in tolerating within the limits of general comfort, their display *sub dio*, where the publicity of the exhibition is a guarantee for its harmlessness. The poor drudge of all work, who spends her halfpenny on a peep show or a hurdy-gurdy, may, in proportion to her enlightenment and her powers of criticism—subjectively, as the philosophers would say—evinces as much real love of art as those who went to take their ease at the Handel Festival or the Manchester Galleries. Cut off from the simple and slipshod damsel her perambulating art-ministers, and you may drive her to those dens from which her master and her parent will never see her return. With respect to the quality of the music which is sometimes to be heard in the streets, we were told by a gentleman who is devoted to organ-building, that he has stood for hours listening to the music of a horse-organ, and yet he is a person to whom all the finest instruments in churches and concert-halls are open.

Again, we say, let regulations be made to obviate annoyance to the sick and the nervous indoors, and obstruction to the public traffic by itinerant shows and musicians. But let this be done in the spirit of recognising cheap and innocent amusement for the non-affluent million, and not in Dogberry's mood of apprehending all the persons who honestly gain their livelihood by providing that amusement—"obtaining money," as the indictment runs, as "vagrants" men and brazen "mendicants." We are not inclined to enter into the details of the regulations which ought to be made. It is enough to state that the last man to whom we should wish to see them entrusted is the anonymous wisacre who has drawn up this precious petition.

Altogether, the entire document has a strange mystic, archaic twang about it. It has become the custom, in these degenerate days, to petition the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom in Parliament assembled. Belgravia, however, declines to stoop to such plebeian language, and, like Maria Theresa

herself, challenges relief from "the knights, citizens, and burgesses, in this present Parliament assembled." Who would not answer such an appeal? On the whole, if we might be allowed to hazard a conjecture as to the authorship of the document, we should say that internal evidence strongly points to the Attic pen of Belgravia's distinguished scholar, theologian, and statesman, Mr. Westerton. The fine spirit of sarcasm, the indignant rebuke of inefficient and corrupt authorities, the withering contempt heaped on weak legislation, and the classic English in which these burning thoughts are clothed—all tend to raise the strongest suspicion; and that suspicion almost grows into certainty when we consider what was the nature of the conflict which that heroic man has waged and lost. How can the martyr churchwarden hope to put down that blatant beast and limb of Antichrist, the choral service, within the parish church, if the ungarded people of Belgravia and South Belgravia should be seduced to encourage musical performances in the streets and squares of their polite quarter?

The "mendicants" have, at all events, their revenge open before them. Let them petition the knights, citizens, and burgesses of this present Parliament assembled, to cause some elementary instruction in English composition to be given to the members of the Pimlico Literary and Scientific Association; and we feel certain that Sir John Pakington will be most happy to present it, and deliver himself of that speech on national ignorance and his own patent remedy, out of which Lord Palmerston so adroitly jockeyed him at the close of last Session. In the Upper House we can suggest no more appropriate and weighty "sociologist" than the Marquess of Westmeath, whose zeal for public morality and the fair fame of Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs was so inadequately seconded by the titled assembly of which he is a distinguished ornament.

THE "TELEGRAM" QUESTION.

WE have selected the following letter of "Y. Z." for publication out of a number sent to us, on account of its freedom from that extraordinary virulence of language which seems to be nearly inseparable from verbal scholarship. In particular we have received letters from Dr. Donaldson and Mr. Shilleto, the language of which is not to be excused by any misapprehension as to the meaning of expressions used by them into which we may have fallen. Otherwise we should have had much pleasure in inserting their communications. The arguments of "Y. Z." are sufficiently clear and exhaustive. We have no wish to deny the correctness of his conclusion, but at the same time we may remark that our observations last week were mainly directed to a different question. It is somewhat singular, however, that no one has as yet stated the true ground on which "telegram" is defensible. The French have for some time been using the word "*telegramme*," and from them our Foreign Office doubtless borrowed it. We believe that an acknowledged law of our language justifies our borrowing any scientific or technical term from the French, and Anglicizing it without hesitation. Our neighbours are assumed to take the responsibility of its correct formation.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

Cambridge, Oct. 28.

SIR,—I think the writer of the article on Grammar in your last number has somewhat misunderstood the arguments which have been brought against the word "telegram." It appears to me that the principle, rightly or wrongly assumed by Mr. Shilleto, is this—No new-coined Grecism is to be received unless it can be shown that the corresponding form might have existed in Greek. "Telegram," for instance, is only admissible on the supposition that such a word as *τηλέγραμμο* or *τηλέγραμμος* is a legitimate Greek compound. Now, *τηλέγραμμο* stands or falls with its parent *τηλεγράφω*; but this form, as any Greek grammar will show, contradicts the analogy by which verbs compounded with any other part of speech but the preposition take the termination *ω*. Thus we have *ἀποβάλλω* and *ὑποτίνω*, but *λιθοβολέω* and *διχοτομέω* derived from the same simple verbs through the adjectives *λιθοβολός* and *διχοτόμος*. Similarly, *γράφω*, when compounded with the prepositions *ἀνά*, *ἀντί*, *διὰ*, *ἐπί*, *παρά*, *περί*, *πρό*, *σύν*, becomes *ἀναγράφω*, *ἀντιγράφω*, *διαγράφω*, *ἐπιγράφω*, *παράγράφω*, *περιγράφω*, *προγράφω*, *συνγράφω*,—whence we have *ἀνάγραμμα*, *ἀντίγραμμα*, *διάγραμμα*, *ἐπίγραμμα*, *παράγραμμα*, *περίγραμμα*, *προγραμμα*, *συνγραμμα*, and the English anagram, diagram, epigram, programme; but the same verb compounded with *ζών*, *σκία*, *χρόνος*, *τῆλε* (?), becomes *ζωγραφέω*, *σκιαγραφέω*, *χρονογραφέω*, *τηλεγραφέω* (?)—obtaining the termination *ω* in its passage through the adjectives *ζωγράφος*, *σκιαγράφος*, *χρονογράφος*, *τηλεγράφος* (?)—and the derivative nouns in *μα* are *ζωγράφημα*, *σκιαγράφημα*, *τηλεγράφημα* (?), that from *χρονογραφέω* does not, I believe, occur. It appears, therefore, that *τηλεγράφημα* is correct, and *τηλέγραμμα* incorrect, and so far "telegrapheme" must bear the palm over its rival. Still, telegram may be derived from *τηλέγραμμος*, a form the correctness of which is admitted by Mr. Shilleto, though he denies it an intelligible meaning. Comparing the words *μονόγραμμος*, single-lined (whence the English "monogram," a name written with a single stroke of the pen)—*παράλληλόγραμμος*, parallel-lined (whence parallelogram, a figure contained by parallel lines)—*πολύγραμμος*, many-lined—*εὐθύγραμμος*, well-lined—*εὐθύγραμμος*, straight-lined—

πεντάγραμμος, five-lined—we observe that they are all adjectives derived from *γραμμή*, "a line" (not from *γράφω* directly); *τηλέγραμμος*, therefore, would be far-lined, certainly an obscure expression to denote the message carried by the telegraphic wire. Still, if "telegram" cannot be defended on the ground of genuine Greek parentage, I think general convenience and apparent analogy, as they have given us many other words, may fairly warrant us in adopting this. "Chronogram," cited in your article, is a singular instance of false analogy, dating from not later than the seventeenth century. I believe it to have been suggested by the word "anagram," without any reference to the Greek. Anagram signifying a name involved in a set of words, chronogram was naturally employed for a date so involved.

Your paper exercises such a deserved influence, that I should be very glad if what I have written could induce you to declare yourself against the complacent ignorance which is as ready to dogmatize upon difficult points of scholarship now, as it was a short time ago with reference to the moon's rotation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Y. Z.

LEADING STRINGS.

THE Olympic is a theatre with a distinct walk of art, and its speciality is a very attractive one. It furnishes a home to the drama of the drawing-room—to the light playful representation of the domestic life of the higher orders, as distinct from the *bourgeois* facetiousness and broad fun of farces, and from the regular comedy of manners. This is a kind of entertainment which it is very difficult to succeed in, because everything must be in harmony, or the effect is lost. The dialogue must be lively, but not affectedly smart, or we shall sink out of domestic life into the company of professional wits. The men, and still more the women of the *corps dramatique*, must be able to talk and walk well, and all the decorations and dresses must be most carefully and tastefully selected. The French succeed in this kind of play so admirably, not only on account of their taste in millinery and upholstery, but also because there is a greater equality of manners—at any rate superficially—in France than in any other country with which we are familiar. On the whole, the efforts of the Olympic are successful, and *Leading Strings* is one of the greatest successes in the line of drawing-room comedy which the theatre has attained. There is no strength of situation, no originality of conception, no fine play of character. But such qualities belong to a higher walk of the drama. *Leading Strings* aims at and attains minor excellences, but then its merits are the ones appropriate to the order of theatricals to which it belongs. The dialogue is easy and spirited—no scene is stupid—there is a continuous flow of incident neither above nor below the level of the vicissitudes of family life—and the plot is interesting and intelligible. We may add, that the dresses and decorations are good, and that some of the acting is first-rate, while none of it is bad.

The plot turns on the conflict of feelings raised in the breast of a son by the opposition which his mother, whom he loves tenderly, and who has made great sacrifices for him, offers to his passion for a proud, selfish young lady, residing in the family. Not only does the mother wish her son not to marry this person, but she wishes him to marry some one else—a lively young cousin, fresh from school, all artlessness, unselfishness, and good-nature. She is, however, obliged, by the grief of her son, to consent to the union he wishes, but she uses her enforced consent as a means to her own ends. She takes the lovers down to an old country house, where they get so horribly bored with each other's society that they long for any means of escape. An old lover, recently come into a fortune, presents himself to the lady—the lively cousin is thrown in the nick of time in the way of the gentleman. The matrimonial group is thus at last arranged to the satisfaction of the mother, and she has guided her son as she wished, by a gentle use of the "leading-strings." The more comic portion of the play is assigned to an old butler, who pries into the secrets of the family, and who favours the audience with the constant exposition of his ideas on the proper education of a family. This part is so well played by the actor, the "make up," the behaviour, and the by-play of the character are so admirably given, that "Binnings," in itself not a very promising part, is quite a creation, and a distinct effort of theatrical genius, in the hands of Mr. Addison.

Mrs. Stirling, as the mother, exhibits one of the most finished and sustained pieces of drawing-room acting that have been seen in London for some years; and, from one end to the other, her part is excellent. But in the other parts it seems as if, in England, it were impossible to trust entirely to the effect of this sort of play when kept within its legitimate limits, and as if some sort of concession must be made to the taste of the pit, and to the public liking for exaggeration and practical jokes. The whole part of the lively cousin is quite out of keeping. She is supposed to be a young lady of eighteen, in good, if not high, society; and yet, in a ball-room, when requested to dance, she pokes her aunt, and asks her what she ought to say, and throughout behaves like a rustic hoyden, or like the conventional farmer's daughter, in a twitter about what the fine folks will say. The want of confidence in the effect of quiet and natural acting also mars the part played by Mr. Addison. When the old butler is talking quietly, and shuffling comfortably about the room,

nothing could be better, or more carefully worked out than the aspect and behaviour of the character. But in order to make the pit laugh, the butler thinks it necessary to repeat, two or three times, the concluding words of some of his sentences, each repetition being pitched in a tone successively lower; and when he is angry, he blows out six candles running. Perhaps these extravagances may be necessary. Unless a theatre pays, it cannot exhibit either drawing-room dramas or any other; but so far as they extend, these concessions certainly prevent the class of plays exhibited at the Olympic from having their due effect.

REVIEWS.

MURRAY'S BRITISH INDIA.*

MR. MURRAY'S *History of British India* is neither very profound nor very original, for it does not claim to be more than a compendium of the most ordinary and familiar books upon the subject, and it occupies itself with the wars by which our empire was acquired and extended, almost entirely to the exclusion of all reference to the measures taken for its internal administration. So much is this the case, that Clive figures in the work only as a soldier, whilst it hardly does more than mention the name of Warren Hastings. Such, however, is the extent of the ignorance which prevails, even among educated men, upon the steps by which our Indian Empire reached its present magnitude, that we are not at all surprised at the popularity which, as we infer from its republication, has been attained by Mr. Murray's book. It is well written and unpretending, and may serve as well as works of greater merit to give a general outline of the story to the vast number of persons who are quite unacquainted with it. Our conviction that this class is a very numerous one indeed, induces us shortly to recapitulate the leading features of the narrative.

The earliest permanent English settlements in India date, as is well known, from the seventeenth century. Fort St. George, at Madras, was first constructed about 1640; and the island of Bombay—the only portion of our Eastern empire which, in legal strictness, forms part of the dominions of the Queen of England—was ceded in 1662 to Charles II. as part of the dowry of the Infanta Catherine. For a considerable time these establishments, together with some other factories, were maintained for purely commercial purposes; but in 1689, according to Mill, the Company began to entertain notions of acquiring territorial dominion. In pursuance of these views, they purchased, in 1698, from the son of Aurungzebe, nominated Viceroy of Bengal by his father, the zemindaries of Chutanutty, Govindpore, and Calcutta, where they erected Fort William. The history of their first steps in the acquisition of their present power turns almost entirely upon their struggles with the French, who occupied a position similar to their own at other points on the coast, and particularly at Pondicherry. The schemes which were formed by Dupleix for the establishment of a French Indian empire, his alliance for that purpose with various native Powers, and his struggles with Lawrence and Clive, in which he was ultimately defeated, are well known to every reader of Lord Macaulay's *Essays*. He was succeeded by the famous and unfortunate Count Lally, who was animated by the most furious hatred against the English, and marched out of Pondicherry on the very day of his landing to besiege Fort St. David. He was at first very successful; but from various causes, of which his uncontrollable violence of temper was not the least important, his success was shortlived—Pondicherry itself being besieged and taken by Sir Eyre Coote in January, 1761. With this victory concluded the conquest of the Carnatic.

The acquisition of Bengal was contemporaneous with these transactions. The general outline of the events which led to it is sufficiently well known. Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob, conceived a jealousy of the works which the English had raised at Calcutta, and he also entertained a childish notion that, by plundering their factory, he might possess himself of enormous spoil. He accordingly marched upon the factory—then very weak—possessed himself of it, and was the cause rather than the author of the tragedy of the Black Hole. Succour was shortly afterwards sent from Madras; and Clive by land, and Admiral Watson at sea, made an attack upon the Nabob, which ended in the battle of Plassy, fought on the 23rd of June, 1757, by which our nominee, Meer Jaffer, was substituted in the Government for Surajah Dowlah. The new Nabob, however, gave offence to his nominal allies, but real masters, by his bad government, which prevented him from fulfilling his stipulations in their favour, and Meer Cossim, his son-in-law, was raised to the throne in his stead. His energy proved more formidable than his predecessor's apathy had been injurious, for he attempted to resist the demands made upon him. He was expelled from Bengal, but allied himself with Sujah Dowlah, the Soubahdar of Oude, and the titular Great Mogul; in company with whom he was utterly defeated at Buxar, by Major Hector

Monro, on the 23rd of October, 1764. In the next year Lord Clive, who had gone out to India for the second time, granted, not only peace, but a nominal sovereignty to the Mogul, at the expense of Sujah Dowlah, who lost the whole of his territory. The real sovereignty of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa was ceded to the Company.

The English dominions in India now embraced Bengal on the north-east, and the Carnatic, which extends along the eastern coast of the southern extremity of the Peninsula, on the south-east, in addition to the settlement of Bombay. The next step was the conquest of Mysore, which occupies the centre of the southern extremity of India, between the Carnatic on the south-east, and the Malabar coast and Travancore on the west. The sovereign of Mysore was the great Hyder Ali, who had raised himself to that position by simple theft and robbery. He was engaged in constant warfare with the Soubahdar of the Deccan, and with the Mahrattas, who entered into an alliance against him with the English at Madras. Long wars were waged between the two parties, in which, for a considerable time, Hyder had the advantage. Indeed, in 1769, he advanced to within five miles of Madras, and imposed upon the Presidency a very disadvantageous treaty. For eleven years he continued his career, defeating Morari Rao, who had assisted us against the French, and fighting with various success against the Mahrattas. In 1780, urged partly by the intrigues of French diplomatists eager to add to our difficulties in the American war, and partly by the prospect of an alliance with the Mahrattas, he invaded the Carnatic with an immense army, and inflicted a most severe defeat on Colonel Baillie and 20,000 men at Polioode. He was, however, defeated by Sir Eyre Coote at Cuddalore, and afterwards on the very same ground on which he had conquered Baillie. The war continued for some time without very decisive results till 1782, when Hyder died. He was succeeded by his son, the still more famous Tippoo Sahib. He was not only a soldier, but a fanatical persecutor, and attempted forcibly to convert the native Christians of Coorg, and the barbarous tribe of the Nairs to Mahomedanism. Amongst other enterprises he sought to conquer the little state of Travancore, which brought him afresh into collision with the English. His wars with us lasted, with various results and pauses, from 1782 till 1799, during which he was several times defeated—and in particular by Lord Cornwallis, who in the spring of 1792 dictated to him a peace under the walls of Seringapatam, by which he was stripped of half his dominions. In 1798 he entered into a strange burlesque alliance with the French, who hailed him as "Citizen Tippoo," and by this and other proceedings incurred the enmity of Lord Wellesley, then Governor-General, who dispatched against him an army under General Harris, which, on the 4th of May, 1799, finally concluded the conquest of the South of India by taking Seringapatam by storm, and Tippoo himself died in the breach.

The next great step in the establishment of our empire was the conquest of the Mahrattas, involving that of the whole of Central Hindostan. The Mahrattas were originally a tribe living in the mountainous district which lies between Rajpootana on the north, and the Deccan on the south. Under the guidance of a chief called Serajee, who long and successfully opposed Aurungzebe, they spread over a wide district of country on the west and towards the centre of the Peninsula. They quarrelled with the Presidency of Bombay, which carried on the war against them without any very distinguished success; and was materially assisted by expeditions sent across the Jumna by Warren Hastings. The war was not in any way remarkable, and was succeeded by a long peace and occasional alliances. The internal politics of the country, or rather tribe, were, however, of a nature which could hardly fail, sooner or later, to produce an explosion. The hereditary head of the confederation was called the Peishwa, or Vizier, a sort of Mayor of the Palace to the *roi fainéant*, who represented the Great Mogul, and besides him the two great houses of Scindia and Holkar exercised great and irregular authority in the government. In 1802 Holkar obtained a temporary supremacy by defeating Scindia, and, together with the Peishwa, entered into an alliance with the Company at Bassein, on the last day of 1802, the object of which was to re-establish the Peishwa and pacify the Mahratta States. Three armies accordingly advanced from various points into the country for this purpose, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, General Lake, and Colonel Stevenson. The result was the entire defeat of the enemy at Assaye, Coel, and Larwarree, the capture of Delhi and Agra, and the conquest of the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, and other districts, on account either of the Company or of their allies. Holkar, dreading the success of the English, attacked them, and at first obtained considerable advantages, but was afterwards repulsed on every point, though his assailants were not successful in their attack on Bhurtpore. Scindia, animated by Holkar's example, entered into an alliance with him; and on Lord Wellesley's return to England very favourable terms were granted to each of them by his successor, Sir G. Barlow. They were afterwards closely connected with the Pindarrees—tribes of robbers so numerous as to assume the proportions of armies, who were the cause of continual wars during the tenure of office by Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst. The most remarkable military events in these wars were the battle of Mehidpore, in 1819, in which Hislop and Sir John Malcolm

* *History of British India*. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. Continued to the close of the year 1854. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Son. 1857.

defeated the Mahrattas, and the capture of Bhurtpore by Lord Combermere, in 1825. The first war with Burmah occurred at about the same period.

Mr. Murray's narrative of British conquests in India terminates with the disasters of the first and the triumphs of the second Afghan war, with the defeat of the Sikhs in the desperate battles on the Sutlej, and the annexation of the Punjab, in 1849. Though the two last were also the greatest wars waged in the history of our Indian possessions, the events are too recent to require anything more than a passing allusion.

Perhaps the most striking reflection which the unexampled growth of the British Empire in India suggests, relates to the absurdity of the charges frequently brought against us, of being mere intruders and unprincipled conquerors in that country. If we compare our own claims to power with those of any of our great adversaries, it is impossible to doubt that hardly any one of them was less alien to the bulk of the population than ourselves, and that the position of each and all of them depended at least as much on our own mere physical force. Hyder Ali, and Tippoo his son, the great Mahratta confederacy, the Pindarrees, and the half-military, half-religious community of the Sikhs, had about as slight claims to anything which could by any stretch of language be considered the legitimate sovereignty of their respective dominions, as William the Conqueror had to the kingdom of England, or the Crusaders to the sovereignty of Palestine. The most superficial acquaintance with Indian history shows that our European notions of national rights and duties—derived as they are from a settled state of society, and founded on the fact of the co-existence of a number of independent nations, all acknowledging similar maxims of law and morality, and different forms of one religion—are quite inapplicable to a country in which there is no such thing as a nation at all. The real units of Indian life are not political but social bodies—castes, religions, and village communities. They have subsisted under all sorts of conquerors, and really embody the feelings and affections of the vast mass of the population. The great political organizations founded by such men as Hyder, Scindia, or Runjeet-Singh, are transitory, and entirely dependent on the personal force of character of the founders. Our Government has never interfered with the first set of institutions, and it would be puerile to attempt to compare it disadvantageously with the very best of the others.

KORFF'S ACCESSION OF NICHOLAS I.*

RUSSIA and Europe having been already made acquainted with all the details of the last day of the great Nicholas, the present Emperor has "deigned to think fit" to give us an account of the first day of his predecessor's Imperial career. This account is based on a memoir drawn up by Nicholas himself, together with the recollections of the Grand Duke Michael, of several great officers of State, and of other actors and eye-witnesses in the scenes described—a memoir by the Empress Alexandra—and the papers of the Grand Duke Constantine, with other necessary documents. It was printed and distributed among the members of the Imperial family and other confidential persons during the lifetime of the late Emperor, who, after perusing it, and having, by repeated corrections in his own handwriting, given it his last approval, "decidedly refused to permit the publication of this narrative." The glorious Nicholas, however, being dead, and history being in need of virtuous examples, it is considered that the narrative may now be published. The thought that his example is thus needed by history, "will reconcile the illustrious departed to the violation of a secret which his modesty had always kept from the world." Let us hope that the courtiers who, no doubt, surround the Imperial shade in the other world, will put this consideration before him in proper terms. Baron Korff clearly has not yet taken in the fact that his august master is now exactly on a level with any one of the half-million of serfs who were sacrificed to his profligate ambition in the late war. Perhaps this is a truth which Russian Christianity does not very impressively enforce.

The leading facts of this narrative are already familiar to the world. The sentimental Emperor Alexander I. towards the end of his career grew rather tired of business. "Russia," if we are to believe Baron Korff, "was blazing with the glory of her monarch; kneeling Europe was proclaiming him her saviour, her earthly providence." Nevertheless, he thought of resigning—but did not. However, he exercised his power of appointing a successor. He himself had no legitimate children, "in consequence of a connexion of a different kind which he had formed in early youth." The next brother, Constantine, had divorced his first wife, and made a morganatic marriage with a Polish lady—besides which, though the courtly historiographer does not mention it, he was next door to a madman and a brute. After his second marriage, he, whether spontaneously or not, petitioned Alexander to pass him over, and appoint Nicholas heir to the Crown. To this petition Alexander, after some delay—the reason of which Baron Korff seeks very deep in the mysteries of Imperial nature, but which a plain speaker may describe as shilly-shallying—gave legal effect by an instrument, copies of which were secretly deposited in the ark of the

Cathedral of Moscow, with the Council, the Senate, and the Synod. No notice of these official proceedings was given to Nicholas, though on one occasion Alexander revealed to him and his wife informally the fact (at which, of course, they were horrified) that they were destined to exchange their domestic felicity for the Imperial throne. In consequence of this unaccountable and highly culpable omission, very disastrous consequences ensued when Alexander died, or, as Baron Korff has it, "soared into the precincts of another world." Nicholas was at St. Petersburg, Constantine was at Warsaw. Nicholas, from a mixture probably of delicacy and fear, took, and caused those about him to take, the oath of allegiance to Constantine; and when Alexander's "Manifest" appointing him Emperor was produced, he positively refused to take advantage of its provisions. Constantine, on the other hand, persisted in his renunciation. The contest that ensued between the brothers appears to the Russian Fadlaheen prodigiously sublime:—

From this moment began that majestic episode in our history, nothing similar to which is to be found in the annals of another nation in the world. History, to use the words of a great writer, is nothing else but a chronicle of human ambition. The acquisition of power, whether justly or unjustly, the preservation or extension of that power when once acquired, the securing of lost influence—such are the ordinary contents of its pages: it is about these efforts that are concentrated all other historical events. With us, on the contrary, it has departed from its eternal laws, and offers the example of a hitherto unheard-of struggle—a struggle, not for the acquisition of power, but for its renunciation.

This magnificent moral spectacle, however, was rather expensive, inasmuch as it led to an awkward row. While Constantine was confirming his heroic sacrifice, while Nicholas was praying "that this cup might pass from him," and Michael was posting to and fro charged with reciprocal sublimities on rather a round-about road between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, a revolutionary conspiracy broke out at St. Petersburg among the officers of the army (including some men of high distinction), who had imbibed democratic opinions during their occupation of France in 1816. A notification from Diebitch that this conspiracy was hatching had a little cut short the sublime hesitation of Nicholas to act as Emperor; and the revelations of Diebitch had been confirmed by those of the young Lieutenant Rostovtsoff, whose letter to and interview with Nicholas form a curious episode in this volume. The confusion and bewilderment caused in the Russian mind by the doubt who was to be Emperor, and the transfer of allegiance backwards and forwards from one Emperor to another, offered an excellent opportunity for a revolution; and the conspirators judiciously selected the day on which the new oath was to be taken to Nicholas for the execution of their design. The mind of the Russian soldiery was not ripe for an avowed democratic movement, but a large body of them rose to the cry of "Constantine and the Constitution"—taking "Constitution" to be the wife of Constantine. All the proceedings of this day of peril to the Empire are minutely detailed. We can only give one scene as eminently Russian:—

Hardly had the Emperor concluded the reading of the manifest, when Neidhardt galloped back with intelligence that the revolted company of the Moscow regiment had already occupied the Square in front of the Senate. The Emperor listened to the report with the most perfect tranquillity, and instantly communicated it to the people in a few concise, condensed words. . . . The enormous throng, after the explanation it had just heard from the Emperor's own lips, in an instant comprehended and appreciated the whole affair. It closed up into a solid mass round its Tsar, and a multitude of voices exclaimed that they would not let anybody get at him to hurt him, that they would tear them all to pieces, that they would never give him up. At this moment there came close up to the Emperor two men in plain clothes, with the cross of St. George at their buttonholes. "We know, Your Majesty," said one of them, "what is going on in the town; but we are old wounded soldiers, and as long as we are alive you shall never be touched by the hand of a traitor!" They were retired officers, Verigin and Bedriaga. Others seized the Emperor by the hands, by the skirts of his uniform, fell on the ground and kissed his feet. The Russian people on that occasion fully exhibited its innate adoration of its Tsars, that holy, that patriarchal passion which from olden times has given such strength to our Russia. But at the first word of the Tsar, "My children!" this tossing ocean was tranquillized again, and became instantly calm and motionless. "My children," said the Emperor, "I cannot kiss you all, but this is for every one of you." He embraced and kissed those who were nearest to him, who were, so to say, lying against his breast; and for several seconds, in the dead silence of those voiceless thousands, nothing was heard but the sound of kisses. The people were sharing among them the kiss of their Tsar!

Nicholas seems to have shown real courage and coolness in putting down the revolt. We join in admiring his reply to the Hanoverian Ambassador, who offered him the recognition and support of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and whom he bade tell his colleagues, "Que cette scène était une affaire de famille, à laquelle l'Europe n'avait rien à démêler." He also—considering the gravity of the insurrection, considering that an attempt had been made to destroy the whole Imperial family, and that he was a Czar—showed great moderation in punishing the conspirators. The least magnanimous part of his conduct was his inveterate bitterness against the ladies who accompanied their exiled husbands to Siberia—especially the Princess Troubetskoi, whose petition for removal, after fifteen years of Siberia, to a warmer climate and a place where she might find education for her children, he rejected in a manner discreditable to him alike as a Christian, a gentleman, and a man. His language and professions, in this the opening part of his reign, appear to have been disagreeably unctuous—a habit which had not been entirely lost at the termination of his illustrious career.

We are not aware that, saving the encouragement which virtue derives from the example of the Emperor Nicholas as aforesaid,

* *The Accession of Nicholas I.* Compiled by special command of the Emperor Alexander II. By His Imperial Majesty's Secretary of State, Baron M. Korff, and Translated from the original Russian. Third Impression (now first published). London: John Murray. 1857.

this narrative which the present Emperor has "deigned to think fit" to give us conveys any very new information to an edified world. It was scarcely to be expected that it should supply any of those deficiencies in Russian history which Baron Korff candidly acknowledges must result from "the conditions of a censorship which is an unavoidable, but, at the same time, a beneficent portion of our national institutions." Of one scene, indeed, it, to the credit of its sobriety and veracity, robs history altogether—that scene so rapturously described by Alison, in which Nicholas, at the moment of extreme peril, places his infant son in the arms of the Guards, crying—"I trust him to you—you are to defend him." This dwindles down into the safe conveyance of the illustrious infant to the palace in a hackney-coach at the crisis of the revolt, and his quiet presentation to a body of loyal sappers after the revolt was over. So Sir Archibald will be under the painful necessity of erasing that glowing page. This book is interesting, however, as a peep, through the curtain of intense reverence, into the sacred interior of Russian despotism, and especially into the circle of the Imperial family. The style throughout is worthy of a courtier with a very lucrative place. The faith in Czars—in their unspeakable value, in their divine virtue, and their certain reception into Heaven—which is exhibited throughout, reminds us of the faith in Lord Mayors exhibited in a rare work, which, perhaps, a few of our readers may have had the pleasure of seeing, called, *The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford*. Who shall say that this is altogether a sceptical age?

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.*

Second Notice.

MR. FLETCHER, before he asks his readers to accompany him to the Southern Provinces of Brazil, invites them to visit several points of interest less distant from the capital. One of these is Petropolis, a town amongst the mountains, which, although it did not even exist in the year 1837, is already in a fair way to become a place of very considerable importance. Another is Constanca, a sort of South American Cintra, where all the glories of the tropics are accumulated in a climate which does not try the constitution of the children of the North. On this preliminary journey we are introduced to many of the characteristic sights of Brazil. The strangely ungraceful but brilliantly coloured toucans make the huge trees we pass seem laden with golden fruit. The clumsy tapir, taking advantage of the dusk, moves down to the stream, on whose banks we are watching the large starlike fireflies. The fierce little peccari charges our dogs, and seems to feel as little respect for our rifles as for ourselves. The jaguar glides lithely and stealthily along; and over all and round all, as the frame of every landscape, are the myriad forms and colours of the Flora of Capricorn.

Wild vines twisted into most fantastic forms, or hanging in graceful festoons—passion-flowers, trumpet-flowers, and fuchsias in their native glory—tree-ferns, whose elegance of form is only surpassed by the tall, gently-curved palmito, which is the very embodiment of the line of beauty—orchids, whose flowers are of as soft a tint as the blossom of the peach-tree, or as brilliant as red spikes of fire—curious and eccentric epiphytes draping naked rocks or the decaying branches of old forest monarchs—all form a scene enrapturing to the naturalist, and bewildering with its richness to the uninitiated, who still appreciate the beauty and the splendour that is scattered on every side by the Hand Divine. The overpowering sensation which one experiences when entering an extensive conservatory filled with the choicest plants, exotics of the rarest description, and odour-laden flowers, is that (multiplied a thousandfold) which filled my mind as I gazed for the first time upon the landscape, with its tiers of mountains robed in such drapery as that described above; and yet there was such a feeling of liberty, incompatible with the sensation expressed by the word "overpowering," that it is impossible to define it. In the province of Minas-Geraes, from a commanding point, I once beheld the magnificent forest in bloom; and, as the hills and undulating plains stretched far away to the horizon, they seemed to be enveloped in a hazy-mist of purple and gold.

Mr. Fletcher sailed from Rio after many wearisome passport formalities, for this curse of continental Europe is naturalized in Brazil. He touched at many places on the coast—amongst others, at Paranagua, formerly a great haunt of slavers, several of which were cut out in a very dashing way by her Majesty's ship *Cormorant* during the course of the demonstrations which our Government made upon the Brazilian seaboard some years ago. A great deal of Matè is exported from this place. Mr. Fletcher was informed that the plant which produces this important article, the favourite beverage of a large portion of the human race, grows wild in North Carolina, and that a decoction of it is very generally drunk in that State. At the colony of Donna Francisca, founded by the Prince de Joinville for the glory of his Brazilian bride and the increase of his fortune, Mr. Fletcher encountered a strange personage. This was a schoolmaster who had been born in Bulgaria and bred a follower of the Prophet, had come to Brazil with some Belgian *savants*, married a Brazilian girl, and become a Roman Catholic. In the same neighbourhood, the North American traveller saw for the first time the primeval forest of the land of the Southern Cross, disappearing before the same human industry which has cleared the less beautiful woodlands of colder latitudes. The noble palms and the fantastic Orchideæ, which would have been the glory of the grandest European gardens,

were crashing down on all sides. Mr. Fletcher bought a large basket of the rarest Orchideæ for three dollars. The natural history of the province in which the colony of Donna Francisca is situated is unusually interesting. The butterflies have almost the strong flight of birds, and generally keep nearly as high as the tops of the trees. The province of Rio Grande do Sul, which is on the extreme south of the empire, is one of the best suited for European emigration. In it is situated the most prosperous of all the Imperial colonies in Brazil—that of S. Leopoldo, founded in 1825. Its climate is very temperate, and its flocks and herds are inexhaustible. For some years it was in open revolt against the Imperial Government, but judicious concessions and the fall of Rosas have restored it to complete tranquillity.

Northward from Rio Grande, and near the capital, is the province of S. Paulo, whose principal city bears the same name, and is approached from the port of Santos. S. Paulo was founded by the Jesuits who accompanied Thomas de Souza in 1554, and it received its name from the fact that the chapel, which formed the nucleus around which it arose, was consecrated on the day of the conversion of St. Paul. It was from this point that the great Order pushed forward into Paraguay. The Legal University of Brazil has its seat at S. Paulo. From this city Mr. Fletcher travelled to Limeira, passing by Campinas, about a hundred miles inland, a city swathed in the deep green of coffee plantations. Limeira is situated in a fertile district, amongst the streams which feed the Paraná. In this neighbourhood there is a plantation which has excited much interest from the fact that the proprietor has succeeded in producing excellent results by the employment of white labour, and has thus done something to solve one of the problems of the future of his country. The colony settled by him appears to be more prosperous than either Donna Francisca or Petropolis. While at Limeira, Mr. Fletcher obtained much information. Amongst other things, he heard of a new disease, which is very common in that neighbourhood—it is called the *mal de engasgo*, and consists of a difficulty in swallowing, which at length leads to starvation and death. He appears also to have had many conversations about the culture of the China tea-plant in Brazil. This valuable shrub flourishes in the southern province of the empire, where frosts are not unknown. Within the tropics it soon runs up into a tree, and becomes less valuable. From Limeira, Mr. Fletcher returned to Santos, and sailed thence to Rio Janeiro.

Thus ended his visit to the Brazilian south. His face was now turned northward, not to the regions of mist and snow which we associate with that word, but to the wild luxuriance of equatorial lands. He made a journey into the province of Minas Geraes, remarkable for its mineral wealth and general productiveness. This is the coffee district *par excellence*. That great Brazilian staple is conveyed on mule-back to Rio Janeiro, a distance of fifteen days. The largest share of the annual produce goes to the United States. The province of Goyaz is, like that of Minas, in the interior of the empire. Vast portions of its surface are still uncultivated. Among its most influential inhabitants are the *vaqueiros*, or cattle proprietors. Matto Grosso, or the "Dense Forest," lies west of Goyaz. It is an enormous province, containing a larger extent of territory than the thirteen original States of the Union. Like its neighbour, it is very backward, and both have to thank one and the same cause for this lack of prosperity. They were settled by gold-hunters, and the abatement of the gold fever left society in an enfeebled state, which has not yet been succeeded by quiet industry.

Mr. Fletcher next conducts us along the coast from Rio to Bahia, a distance of about eight hundred miles. There is no large city on all this long line, and the interior of the country is destitute of roads. Prince Maximilian of Newwied, is the only author who ever journeyed through this wild district. He travelled between 1815 and 1818. After three or four days' steaming, Mr. Fletcher's vessel entered the harbour of Bahia, the second city of the Empire—the ecclesiastical capital, and the even fairer sister of Rio. From Bahia our traveller sailed still further north, visiting the beautiful harbour of Maceio, one of the centres of the Brazilian cotton and sugar trade, and looking with interest at Cape St. Augustine, the first part of the New World discovered south of the Equator. Thence he advanced to Pernambuco, one of the most flourishing of Brazilian cities, which stands to the old historic Olinda in somewhat the same relation as busy little Irun does to silent Fuentarabia. In the province of which Pernambuco is the capital, there occurred, only nineteen years ago, a most terrible tragedy. There exists in Portugal a sect who believe that King Sebastian will one day return to earth and inaugurate a millennium. An impostor spread in the province of Pernambuco a report that the scene of his re-appearance was to be a wild district in the interior, which was, he said, an enchanted kingdom which was to be restored to reality by the slaughter of a hundred children. In default of children, men and women were to be sacrificed, and forty persons were massacred with strange and diabolical rites before the Government became aware of what was going on, and stopped the effusion of blood by an armed intervention. The coast beyond Pernambuco is covered for a good distance with dreary sand-hills.

Maranhão is the next place of importance on the northward voyage. It is better built than any Brazilian city, but wants the splendour of the Bahian churches and the metropolitan prestige of Rio. Four hundred miles from Maranhão lies Pará, on the

* *Brazil and the Brazilians: Portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches.* By Rev. D. Kidder and Rev. J. Fletcher. Philadelphia: Childs. London: Trubner.

Amazon, the theatre of many desperate revolutions. Regular steamers have plied on the Amazon since 1853. The most valuable works on that great river and the territory which it waters are, according to Mr. Fletcher, the *Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro*, and the *Palms of the Amazon*—both by Mr. Wallace. The province which takes its name from the mightiest stream on earth is the most northerly in Brazil. The men of some of the tribes who fought with the early European invaders really wore a dress such as in civilized nations is generally confined to women. From some confused report of this arose the story of female warriors in Brazil and the name Amazon. The basin of the "Monarch of Waters" is about double the size of that of the Mississippi. Mr. Wallace says that "all Western Europe could be placed in it without touching its boundaries, and it would even contain the whole of our Indian Empire." Whether or not this enormous tract of country can ever become a desirable residence for the Anglo-Saxon race, still remains a question; but we have faith in the ultimate victory of science over even more dangerous climates. In the meantime, improvement proceeds but slowly—still it does proceed. "Time and I, gentlemen, against any two," says the brave Spanish proverb. The future of the Amazon may soon become as assured as that of the "Father of Waters."

Mr. Fletcher's work possesses the first requisite of a good book—it is solid and instructive. Perhaps it is as good a book as could at present be written on its vast subject. Nevertheless, it has obvious faults. It is not sufficiently condensed—it is too full of mere missionary and Bible Society "business." The author, although an educated and travelled person, is not quite what we call a cultivated man on this side of the Atlantic. He seems a great reader of ninth-rate books. Such works as Todd's *Student's Manual*, Hamilton's *Life in Earnest*, and the like, excite in him that admiration which better trained minds reserve for productions of a very different stamp. Here and there his book, by crossing the same ground, provokes a comparison with the charming *Voyage of Darwin*; sadly, of course, to its disadvantage. On the whole, however, it is a useful and creditable performance, for which Mr. Fletcher deserves our sincere thanks. If it impressed on our mind only one idea, that of the gigantic scale of everything in Brazil, it would add to the knowledge of most of us. How few realize, in thinking of that country, the contents of the following sentences:—

The distance on a straight line drawn from the head-waters of the river Parana on the north, to the southern shores of Lagoa Mirim, in Rio Grande do Sul, is greater than that from Boston to Liverpool. It is further from Pernambuco to the western boundary which separates Peru and Brazil, than by a direct route from London across the Continent to Egypt.

MABEL VAUGHAN.

WE could believe that the authoress of *Mabel Vaughan* had taken Miss Yonge for her model, and it is very natural that a lady who has gained such popularity as the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* should have many followers, especially amongst her own sex. Whether *Mabel Vaughan* was suggested by *Heartsease*, we have no means of judging; but a striking similarity may be traced in the heroines, which, like a family resemblance, will be easily recognised in spite of great dissimilarity of features. There can be no comparison between the relative merits of the two writers, but it is curious to trace the different characteristics of their minds, as illustrated by their mode of treating the same subject. In this new story, as in *Heartsease*, there is a beautiful female character, beset with worldly snares and family trials, around whom are ranged various personages of different degrees of interest who are all brought within the magic circle of her womanly influence. Now, we have no wish to underrate or disparage what appears to us a woman's greatest source of power; but we must observe that it is a power very freely used, and likely to be abused, by lady novelists of this particular school. Influence will do a great deal, but not all, as they would lead us to believe. It would be a relief to open a work of this kind, and not feel a conviction, almost amounting to certain knowledge, that such or such reformatory results will inevitably occur, such or such characters act and react on each other. Within a limited range, there is considerable power of observation in the pages of *Mabel Vaughan*; and a practised and agreeable style induces one to proceed with a story which is very feebly contrived. One special merit we may claim for the author is her freedom from the prevalent fashion of self-torture and unwholesome introspection, in which luxury she never permits herself to indulge.

Mabel Vaughan opens with a pleasant scene of merry children romping in an orchard, watched by a "middle-aged lady with a mild and thoughtful face," sitting alone and sewing in the quiet parlour of her country home. The heroine, a pretty child of twelve years old, is trying to learn a Latin verb at the foot of an old apple-tree; occasionally "minding her book," but oftener promoting the joyous games of her noisy young friends. We cannot linger, however, over *Mabel's* school-days, but must pass on a few years until, at the age of eighteen, "the summons was received which was to call the pupil from the teacher who, during more than half of the young girl's existence, had been to her less an instructress than a parent." The following was "the last

warning and the last charge which fell from the revered lips of age and experience upon the listening ear of youth:—

"Learn above all things, my dear girl," said Mrs. Herbert, as they sat together the evening before *Mabel's* departure, "to beware of self-love, and cultivate to the utmost degree a universal charity. It is the best advice I can give you for your safety, and the surest for your happiness."

"Do you think me so selfish then?" exclaimed *Mabel*, half grieved at the implication conveyed in her teacher's words. "Oh, there are so many whom I love better than myself!"

"I accuse you of no unamiable quality, my dear *Mabel*, and your generosity has always been proverbial among us; but, when I charge you to cultivate love for others, even to the forgetfulness of self, you must not misunderstand my meaning. It is because it is so easy and natural to you, my dear child, to love all and everybody, that I wish to warn you of a time when, instead of being your happiness, and so demanding of you no sacrifice, it may become your trial and your misery; and it is then that I bid you love on as woman can and must. O, *Mabel*, there is nothing so insidious as self-love, nothing so noble and so womanly as that divine love which finds its happiness in duty."

Emancipated from the school-room, *Mabel* returns to a luxurious New York home, the description of which gives one a good idea of the sumptuous display in a wealthy American merchant's house. Disappointed in his hope of domestic happiness by a dissipated and self-indulgent wife, who died at *Mabel's* birth, Mr. Vaughan is now represented as a reserved man of business, engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. Besides *Mabel*, he has two other children. Louise inherits her mother's beauty and frivolous disposition, and has been married several years before her sister leaves the New England homestead where she has been educated. Harry, the only son, is nearer *Mabel's* age, and her old play-fellow. He has been two or three years at a German University, and afterwards touring in Europe. An old aunt, Sabiah, has arrived, as well as Harry, in time to receive the almost stranger school-girl, whom her sister, Mrs. Leroy, is eager to introduce into the world of fashion. The change in *Mabel's* position from living quietly in a secluded country-house to being the head of her father's establishment, is well described. So is the rapid and inevitable metamorphosis which converts the simple girl into the acknowledged belle, whose presence is an indispensable grace to every gaiety of the New York season. *Mabel's* amiable and loving disposition frequently induces her to yield to her sister's selfish wishes and caprices, against her own better judgment, and in opposition to her desire for pursuits more satisfying than gaiety. She is devoted to Harry, and loud in her admiration of the fascinating Louise, who is a heartless, pettish beauty. *Mabel's* heart keeps her right—it is only her head that is a little turned by admiration, and we feel satisfied that the artificial life she is leading will end in something more worthy of her character. Her brother has a friend, Mr. Lincoln Dudley, whom she is most curious to know. Her imagination has been excited by reports of his superiority; and, when they meet, she is prepared to admire the friend whom Harry is so anxious to introduce to his favourite sister. Dudley was Harry's travelling companion, and is a man of refined taste, brilliant conversation, and charming manner, calculated to make a deep impression on *Mabel*; but he is also a selfish man of the world, and a sceptic, and his influence on *Mabel's* impressible character threatens to blight all that is good and lovely in her by checking the genuine impulses of her feelings. She begins to be dissatisfied with her life of pleasure, yet wants the excitement of Dudley's presence. At this period, a great sorrow comes from a very unexpected quarter, and *Mabel* is checked in her gay career by the painful discovery that her brother is given up to a course of drunkenness and dissipation. This terrible secret becomes eventually known to the whole family, but not before she has had to bear the full burden of unshared sorrow, in addition to the self-reproachful thought that her own unreflecting and comparatively harmless dissipation should have been the means of increasing his. She it was who had been the first to abandon the plans of study which they had mutually formed when they first met, and when his affection for her might have kept him from bad associates if she had devoted more time to making his home agreeable. Before her season of trial, *Mabel* becomes accidentally acquainted with a poor family of the name of Hope, whose history forms the prettiest episode in the book. The mother is an industrious widow, who supports her son Jack and her little daughter Rose by keeping a small shop. Lydia, the eldest girl, is nurse to *Mabel's* little nephews. Rose is a confirmed invalid, the darling of her own family and poor neighbours. Idolized though unspoiled, the touching patience and gentle wisdom of the spiritual-minded child steals into the hearts of all who know her. We have a pretty picture of the suffering girl, propped up in her little "flag-bottomed" arm-chair in her mother's shop window, teaching a group of poor German emigrant children. Again, we see her wearied with the day's work, fevered with pain, yet sitting up in bed to amuse her brother with different games and puzzles, in order to keep him from his idle companions. *Mabel* is struck with the self-sacrifice and beautiful character of the sick child, as contrasted with her own. On one occasion she takes her a drive into the country, which has hitherto been the earthly paradise in which the city child's fancy loved to wander. The following conversation takes place:—

Reclining on her cushions, with her head gently resting on *Mabel's* shoulder, Rose lay watching the light, airy clouds, which, gradually forming into masses of greater volume and richer colouring, hung suspended above the western horizon. So soft and soothing was the scene, so still and motionless the figure of the child, who was revolving in new wonder the miracle of creation, that *Mabel* believed and hoped she had fallen asleep, and forbore to

* *Mabel Vaughan*. By the Author of "The Lamp-lighter." Edited by Mrs. Gaskell. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1857.

disturb her by a word. As a sudden turn in the road, however, brought them in full view of the city, Rose raised her head, and, like one abruptly awakened from a pleasant dream, gazed long and fixedly at the huge assemblage of buildings, amid which her young life had hitherto been imprisoned.

Mabel divined her thoughts. "New York is but a poor place compared with the country, is it, Rosy?" asked she.

Rose smiled and shook her head.

"I have thought of a fine plan for you," continued Mabel, "and one that I am sure you will like. You and your mother, Rose, must go up to the old farm and stay until you get strong and well. There you can see plenty of woods, and fields, and wild flowers, and watch the sun set every night. It is not a long journey," added she, with animation, her interest in the scheme increasing as she observed the ray of pleasure and hope which had overspread Rose's face at the suggestion, "it will only take one day. I will see that it is no expense to you, and Jack will stay at home and take care of the house and shop. We will talk it over with your mother this very evening."

The glow of delight which had been called up in Rose's countenance, as Mabel first named this welcome proposal, gave place to an expression of pain and anxiety as she pronounced the concluding portion of the plan. Tears started into her eyes, and she made haste to lay her hand on Mabel's arm, and check the glowing anticipations she was indulging of her little friend's happiness and possible restoration to health, in the broken words, "Dear Miss Mabel! you are very good, but don't mention it to mother,—please don't; I can't go,—indeed I can't!"

"But why not, Rose? you feel strong enough for the journey? you will go if your mother consents?"

"Yes,—no,—please don't ask her,—indeed I had far rather stay in New York."

Mabel looked puzzled and disappointed; she could not understand the child's eagerness to deny herself so great a pleasure.

"Miss Mabel," added Rose, after a little hesitation, seeing that Mabel still awaited an explanation, "you wouldn't think anybody needed me here, a poor sick girl, that has been a care and a trouble all my life, but I could not be happy to go away and leave my dear Jack. Miss Mabel, he is a rough boy, perhaps, but he is never rough to me. Lyddy says he has learned wicked words, but he uses good words to me; they tell me he loves bad company, but I know that he loves his little Rose. He has sat up all night to bathe my aching head,—he has carried me in his arms all day. He would miss me from my little room; the bad boys would whistle round the corner, and there would be no little voice to say, 'Oh, Jack! stay with Rosy!'"

Innocent, artless Rose! Little did she think that every word of her simple apology pierced like an arrow to the heart of Mabel.

It seems impossible that Harry can be checked in his wild career, or that a sister's influence can rescue him from further degradation. The way in which Mabel tries to conceal her watchfulness, while Harry shrinks from her scrutiny, is very natural and touching. She has a difficult part to play, which only ends when Harry has nearly ruined his father, who pays his debts and sends him from New York to study law with a friend. Mabel gives up an excursion to the Falls of Niagara, on which she had set her heart, as Dudley had planned it, and makes it her duty to accompany her brother on a visit to their aunt. An almost fatal adventure, followed by a serious illness, brings Harry to his senses, and Mabel's love completes the cure of mental and bodily disease. She hears of Dudley's flirtation with a pretty English widow, who makes one of the excursion party, and is soon left without a doubt of his faithless conduct. In later years she looks back on her first love as an illusion only befitting an artificial, though brilliant and regretted, period of her existence.

We must briefly dispose of the remainder of the tale. Little Rose of course dies happily, surrounded by all who are dear to her. There is a railway accident, which injures Mr. Vaughan, and is fatal to Mr. Leroy, whose beautiful wife dies very suddenly in a shocking manner, after helping to ruin the husband whom she only survived a few weeks. Mr. Vaughan loses the greater part of his own and Mr. Leroy's fortune by unsuccessful speculations. Embarrassed also by Harry's debts, he is obliged to sell his house and furniture in New York. After many difficulties and adventures, Mabel takes her nephews to join her father and brother in the West, where the former is living in a shooting-box on his estate, hoping to retrieve his fortune by some favourite scheme, which turns out a mere delusion. Here the New York belle is roused from luxurious dreams "to the homely reality of Western life." Mabel is the head of the house, and the right hand also, for she assists in all the domestic duties with great credit to her skill. As Mr. Vaughan does not regain his money, they are obliged to make a permanent home in the West; and Harry takes to farming a part of the estate, and chiefly supports the family. Cheered by Mabel's example, and encouraged by her advice, he becomes a reformed and useful character, prospering in agriculture as in everything else. Aunt Sabiah subsequently joins her brother, and all are united in the wilderness. Harry wins the perfection of a wife in the clergyman's pretty daughter, whose father was Aunt Sabiah's first and long-lamented love; while Mabel finds her reward in an admirable husband, Bayard Percival, who once was instrumental in saving her life, and whose mother befriended her in her weary journey westward. Even Rose's sister appears again on the scene, as the wife of Mr. Percival's agent; and Jack, as a very ingenious machinist, becomes a highly respectable character. Mr. Vaughan changes for the better, and the boys, both manly and intelligent, promise to be all their grandfather and aunt can desire. Mr. Percival becomes a member of Congress—an honour he did not seek—and the curtain falls on a happy group in appropriate pose, with rose-coloured light which illumines the whole scene.

Strange coincidences happen every day; and why should we quarrel with the amiable authoress, who has a right to make her own creations happy in the way that seems best to her? There is no reason why people should not write improbable stories, if they find people who will read them, and we doubt not there is

a class amongst whom *Mabel Vaughan* will find favour. We mean the numerous young ladies to whom ordinary novels are forbidden fruit, but who seize on every new story by Miss Sewell or Miss Yonge with an avidity which the *blase* novel-reader might well envy, and can never experience. To them a new story has long ceased to be a new sensation, and although *Mabel Vaughan* may seem to us a little milk-and-waterish, we wish it success for the sake of the pure intention with which it is written. Mabel is a charming character, and one which may safely be held up for admiration; but our quotations will show the forced and artificial strain which disfigures the book. There is one objection that we must make, before concluding, to the spirit of *Mabel Vaughan*, which strikes us as likely to be overlooked by those whom the work is meant to instruct. In all the characters, it is never through self-conquest that evil is assailed and disarmed—no one resists temptation unless assisted by some good example. Outward events must be created—a change of circumstance and scene is required to effect a moral cure. Perhaps this is a feminine way of avoiding a danger rather than facing it. Everywhere we feel the force of circumstance—nowhere the energy of free-will. We cannot but express our dissatisfaction with a teaching which tends so much to magnify extraneous influence, while it overlooks the superior importance of self-determination and unaided exertion.

RIVAROL.*

TO those who are conversant with the history of the early part of the French Revolution, the name of Rivarol is sufficiently familiar. Engaged as a politician and a journalist in the first stages of the struggle, he played perhaps as conspicuous a part as generally falls to the lot of the man of letters—a part, however, which is necessarily, in such periods of convulsion, far below that of men of action of the second and third-rate order. But it is not only as one of the most clear-sighted and able defenders of the Royal cause that interest is attached to the life and the works of Rivarol. At a time when social talent and the possession of brilliant wit rapidly made a reputation in the salons of Paris, he quickly placed himself in the very first rank, and was considered the most brilliant young man of the day before he had written a line; and as soon as he did write, he only added to the reputation which he had already acquired for originality of thought and felicity of expression. It is true that he ended his career without accomplishing any work really worthy of the early promise which he had given, and it is no less true that indolence, rather than want of power, prevented his achieving a great literary reputation; yet there must have been something very remarkable in a man who, though he began his career as a mere adventurer, was courted by every society in Paris, who was one of the most valued champions of the Royalist party, whose *mots* and *pensées* are still quoted by French writers, and whose style is still regarded as a model of grace and vigour.

Antoine, Comte de Rivarol, was born at Bagnolles, in Languedoc, about the year 1754. His grandfather, an Italian by birth, had settled in France after the War of the Succession, and had married a cousin of M. Deparcieux. His father was a man, it would appear, of considerable education, but not being possessed of fortune, and having, moreover, sixteen children, he was obliged to earn his bread as best he could. It seems that he kept an inn or tavern of some kind, of which Rivarol never heard the last from his political and literary antagonists. How or where Rivarol was educated, does not very clearly appear; it is, however, most probable that he studied in some ecclesiastical seminary in the south of France, with the view of becoming a priest. It is certain, however, that he arrived at Paris when he was still a very young man. In consequence of his relationship with Deparcieux, he was relieved and assisted by D'Alembert, and speedily made his way in Parisian society. When he first came to Paris, he called himself the *Chevalier de Deparcieux*—a name which he subsequently dropped for that of the Comte de Rivarol, though it may be doubted whether he had more right to assume the dignity of a count than to bear the name of his relations on his grandmother's side. Yet, notwithstanding this puerile affectation and vanity, his success was rapid and incontestable. His abilities and his caustic wit made him some bitter enemies, but they also made him many good friends. Buffon, and even Voltaire, offered him every encouragement, and he soon felt himself in a position in which the ambition even of a young and vain provincial could scarcely have dreamed of attaining. With such triumphs, so easily gained, and so flattering to his vanity—in the midst of the homage of the most cultivated society in the world, and with the power of appreciating and enjoying the intellectual life of Paris—it would have required a far stronger character than Rivarol's to abandon the pleasures of the salons for laborious and continual study. Yet what he accomplished at this period of his life fully justified the expectations of his friends, so far as it gave an earnest of his powers and an indication of a vigour of style unknown to the generation of *littérateurs* immediately antecedent to the French Revolution.

In 1783, the Academy of Berlin proposed the following questions as the subject for a prize essay:—*Qu'est-ce qui a rendu la langue Française universelle? Pourquoi ne s'en est-elle cette préférence*

* *Œuvres de Rivarol. Etudes sur sa Vie et son Esprit, par Sainte-Beuve, Arsène Houssaye, Armand Malitourne. Paris: Adolphe Delahays. 1857.*

gative? *Est-il à présumer qu'elle la conserve?* Rivarol's essay obtained the prize—it gave him a name in Europe, and obtained for him the favourable notice of Frederick the Great. As compared with the average of prize essays and inaugural lectures, it is no doubt a very remarkable production. It is the work of a vigorous mind, and written in a good masculine style; but it does not show any traces of careful research or of philological erudition. It is more like a dashing pamphlet than an academical essay. Still, though wanting in learning, it is full of thought and reflection, and shows the writer to have been possessed of no ordinary powers as an essayist and critic. In 1785 he published a translation of Dante's *Inferno*. In the opinion of his countrymen, it is the best French translation that has yet appeared. In his own day it was universally applauded, and his friend and patron, Buffon, said of it—*Ce n'est point une traduction, c'est une suite de création*. With these literary successes—and they were very considerable for one whose real reputation rested on his powers of conversation, and on the inexhaustible fertility of his wit and fancy—he for some time remained contented. Occasionally he wrote a trifling satire or parody, but did not attempt anything of higher pretensions than a squib or a pamphlet.

In 1787, in reply to Necker's book *Sur l'Importance des Idées Religieuses*, he published two letters, which attracted considerable attention. But at this period of his literary career he principally devoted himself to what is perhaps the most profitless occupation that can be followed by a man of real ability—the exposure and persecution of the literary impostors and pretenders of the day. Not satisfied with having most ruthlessly attacked the poor Abbé Delille—a celebrity of about the same calibre as the modern author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, and therefore eminently worthy of pity or contempt—nothing could content Rivarol but to gibbet, *en masse*, all the small deer of his day. In 1788, he published his *Petit Almanach de nos Grands Hommes pour l'Année 1788*, in which all the ephemeral scribblers of the time are alphabetically arranged, and to each name is appended a eulogy written in a spirit of the most savage irony. To those who were acquainted with the persons thus attacked, and who understood the allusions to the events and gossip of the day, the almanack may possibly have furnished amusement; but the zeal of the satirist betrayed him into gross injustice when he attempted to write down such men as Marie Joseph Chénier and the learned Guingéné. This is a species of wit which has very little interest for posterity. The sneers of Horace at the Roman poetasters are by far the least entertaining passages in the Satires and Epistles, and the *Dunciad* is in these days insufferably tedious. The best that can be said for such things is that they give us some insight into the character of individuals, and the feeling of the society of the day, which might not be so easily obtained from other sources. Rivarol's victims, like those of Pope, are for the most part utterly forgotten, whilst the satirists are remembered as having employed the strength of giants to break flies upon a wheel, and as having thrown away their wit upon themes which have no interest whatever beyond the age for which they wrote.

Notwithstanding the frivolous life which Rivarol led at this period, he from time to time addicted himself, though in a desultory manner, to more serious studies. He devoted a good deal of attention to philology and moral philosophy, but he was too idle to bring himself to accomplish any really valuable work; and his great and varied acquirements seem to have served no other end than that of adding to his reputation as the most accomplished conversationalist in Paris. The Duke de Brancas, on being asked to subscribe to a new edition of the Encyclopædia, replied—“L'Encyclopédie? a quoi bon quand Rivarol vient chez-moi?” With such a distinguished success, it is perhaps somewhat to the credit of Rivarol that he was not so abjectly selfish as the common run of literary celebrities are when courted by the great and caressed by fashionable society. On the death of his father, he induced one of his brothers and two of his sisters to join him at Paris. The two latter, owing to Rivarol's assistance, were well married, and the brother was provided for in the army. Rivarol said of him, “Il serait homme d'esprit d'une autre famille; c'est le sot de la nôtre.”

At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, Rivarol at once ranged himself with the partisans of Royalty, and although he no doubt received favours from those whose cause he espoused with so much zeal, there seems no reason to believe that he acted otherwise than in obedience to his genuine convictions. He had the habits and the feelings of a grand seigneur and a literary man—he had contracted a distrust of the philosophical liberals, which soon became a rooted antipathy—and he instinctively took the side to which most of his personal friends belonged. In addition to this, he was clear-sighted enough to perceive the inevitable termination of what he saw passing before his eyes. At a very early stage of the Revolution he predicted what the sequel would be, and he foresaw that the philosophical republicans would be utterly powerless to resist the violence of the Jacobins. He had intimately known many of them, such as Chamfort, Condorcet, and Garat, and had formed a tolerably just appreciation of their characters and abilities. At the same time, no one could be more keenly alive than he was to the weakness of the Court and the folly of the noblesse. When the King sent for him to ask his advice and opinion on the state of affairs, he spoke openly and boldly, and concluded his address as follows:—“Il vaut mieux, lorsqu'on est condamné à commander à un grand peuple, commettre une injustice apparente que de voir briser dans ses

mains le sceptre du pouvoir; la faiblesse est pire pour les rois qu'une tyrannie qui maintient l'ordre. Pour vous, sire, il en est temps encore; faites le roi.”

During this period Rivarol was incessantly employed in the defence of the Royalist cause as a pamphleteer and journalist. The Duke of Orleans made overtures to him through the Duc de Biron, but he was not to be gained over from the party to which he had given his political allegiance. On the contrary, he lost no opportunity of combating the new doctrines, and denouncing the men who advocated them. He said of the greatest of them, “Ce Mirabeau est capable de tout pour de l'argent, même d'une bonne action.” About this time he wrote, or contributed to, *Actes des Apôtres*, the *Théorie des Corps Politiques*, and the *Journal National*. But against the strength of the French Revolution epigram and sarcasm were of no avail—the wits were no match for the Jacobins, and were obliged to fly before the storm. Rivarol learnt that the Club des Cordeliers were seriously taking into consideration whether they should deal with him in a summary manner, and he accordingly left Paris precipitately. For some time he remained concealed in a village near Noyon, and continued to write against the Revolution. At length, however, he found himself compelled to leave France, and took refuge in Brussels, where he published a pamphlet entitled *Lettres au Duc de Brunswick et à la noblesse Française émigrée*. He subsequently came to London, and met with a very favourable reception from Pitt and Burke. In 1796, he retired to Hamburg, and again determined to devote himself to literature. But his inveterate idleness prevented him from doing more than write the preface and conceive the plan of a new and elaborate dictionary of the French language, and years passed away without his producing anything more important than a few essays and fragments. He died at Berlin, in 1801. He might, it is said, if he had chosen to make his peace with the First Consul, have returned to France; but if he had the opportunity, it is certain that he did not avail himself of it, as he remained to the last a steady and devoted adherent of the Royalist party. When in England, he had married an English lady, from whom he was soon separated. His biographer and eulogist, M. Sainte-Beuve, asserts that the lady “n'était pas exempte de quelque extravagance;” but on the other hand there is no doubt that Rivarol's manner of life was quite sufficient to account for his separation from his wife without any blame being attached to the lady.

It seldom happens that a writer of so high a reputation as Rivarol possessed in his own day, leaves so little behind him; but, as has been already shown, his influence on his contemporaries was much more the consequence of an undisputed social success than of his literary efforts. Moreover, whenever he could be brought to do any work, it was, for the most part, with reference to the political controversies of the time—a class of literature which is frequently over-estimated by the generation for which it is written, and underrated by the next. Through life, he was satisfied with being the monarch of a coterie of clever and cultivated people, for whom he made *bon mots* and epigrams. A good many of his sayings have been preserved; for such was the charm of his conversation, that those who met him, like Chénédollé, recorded his sayings in their diaries. With pleasant manners, a prepossessing appearance, and the faculty of intense enjoyment of society, he was peculiarly qualified to excel in the walk which he had chosen. He had great vivacity and inexhaustible fertility of fancy, and his wit was spontaneous and never-failing. In a word, he was a brilliant social adventurer. With his considerable acquirements, and with his great mastery over the French language, he gave promise of becoming something more; and the fragments which he has left show that, as a critic or historian, he might have been one of the brightest ornaments of French literature.

The volume before us contains a selection from his *Pensées* and *Maximes*, his Essay on the French Language, the introduction to the translation of *Dante*, with some other pieces. Biographical notices and criticisms by Sainte-Beuve, Arsène Houssaye, and Armand Malitourne, are prefixed to the collection. The volume also contains a considerable number of the sayings of Rivarol on the events and people of the time. Some of them are peculiarly happy. We quote a few of them:—

Condorcet écrivait avec de l'opium sur des feuilles de plomb.

Il y a des gens qui sont toujours près d'éternuer; G—— est toujours près d'avoir de l'esprit et même du bon sens.

On Buffon's son:—

C'est le plus pauvre chapitre de l'*Histoire Naturelle* de son père.

M. Delille, traducteur des *Georgiques*, est sorti boiteux, comme Jacob, de sa lutte avec un Dieu.

On the declaration of the *Rights of Man*:—

C'est la préface criminelle d'un livre impossible.

C'est un terrible avantage que de n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser.

On Madame de Genlis:—

Je n'aime que les sexes prononcés.

Le peuple est un souverain qui ne demande qu'à manger; sa Majesté est tranquille quand elle digère.

Je ne connais guère en Europe que Madame de Stael qui puisse tromper sur son sexe.

As Voltaire said of Rivarol, "L'esprit de Rivarol c'est un feu d'artifice tiré sur l'eau." In his essays, however, and in his political writings, there are frequent examples of a grave and sustained style that is extremely effective. For instance, his *Dernier jour de la Royauté*, published originally in the *Journal Politique*, in 1790, is a fine piece of historical writing. The story is well and clearly told in eloquent language, without a superfluous word, and with a complete absence of the spasmodic manner so common in the French prose writers of the present century. In point of style his other essays are equally deserving of notice, and it is perhaps owing to this quality, so justly prized by French critics, that Rivarol's works enjoy their present estimation.

THE SQUIRE OF BEECHWOOD.*

IT is well known that every one can write a novel. For other undertakings there are confessedly different degrees of qualifications. There are persons, for instance, who allow that they are incompetent to do a Rule of Three sum; but no one would like it to be known that he or she is not an actual or a possible novelist. The reason is plain—it requires so very little to set up a writer of romance. Nothing more is necessary than that the author should have a knowledge of the human heart, a sympathy with the workings of passion, a capacity of picturing the sequence of events, and a lively, pointed, and graphic style. Consequently, there is hardly a young lady to be met with who has not composed a fiction, and who does not relieve the heavier duties of *broderie* by the relaxation of novel writing. Even old country gentlemen and veteran fox-hunters catch thankfully at an occupation which whiles away time without fatiguing the intellect. We have now a novel before us written by a gentleman who assumes the pseudonym of "Scrutator," and who informs us that he would "much rather handle the horn than the pen; but as the former occupation is denied him, the latter is adopted in its place to beguile the *tedium vite*." He could not convey more concisely or more lucidly the conception he has of the position and office of a novelist. Recognising that to blow a horn would be the legitimate and appropriate sphere of his industry, he yet pleads that, if he is prevented from exercising that grave and more arduous pursuit, he can at least write a story in three volumes.

The amusement of romances, during the prevalence of the present fashion, consists not in reading them, but in writing them. Criticism is therefore out of place. When a man who can no longer blow a horn tells you that he would positively rather write a novel than do nothing, it is a mere waste of words to tell him that his production ingeniously combines every possible literary defect. If an angler, after a hard day's work, brings home a gudgeon, he is not to be put down by your informing him that you could have bought a herring twice as big for a penny. He will reply that the pleasure lay in the killing the fish, not in the value of the fish itself, and that it is quite immaterial that no one would touch the gudgeon except the cat. So, too, readers are nothing to "Scrutator." He has caught his gudgeon, had his exercise, got through the day, and gone to bed satisfied. What earthly difference can it make to him that he has written a book not very bright or lively? But it may be said—"Why should he publish the novel? he would have had exactly the same occupation and amusement if he had torn up the manuscript directly it was finished—printing it is superfluous." Such an objection betrays an ignorance of the pastime of novel writing. Publishing the novel is like entering game in a game list. It ends the matter handsomely; it makes the sportsman sure he has done his work; it lets him and his neighbours know whereabouts he is in the list of his achievements. Novelists do not publish for the public—they publish because they do not feel as if they had got a story off their hands until they see it printed in three nice-looking volumes.

It is not therefore by way of criticism, but only as an expression of surprise, that we offer a remark which must occur to every reader of Scrutator's book, and generally to every reader of the performances of amateur novelists. Why do they delight in recording very minutely conversations between their fictitious personages which are wholly and obviously impossible, couched in language which they must be well aware no sane person ever thinks of using, and defying probability at every step? Scrutator's novel abounds in such conversations—they make up the staple of the book, and the characters seem introduced only to talk. Now the novel being written for the mere amusement of the writer, it is really a curious question why it is more amusing, as we quite believe it must be, to write out impossible than possible conversations. What, for instance, can be the fun of making the hero speak of himself constantly in the third person? The true Jack Smith never does it. Why should the fictitious Jack Smith, instead of simply saying to the heroine, "You may rely on me," assure her that "Mary Brown may ever count on Jack Smith's ready arm and Jack Smith's willing heart."

The moral is so recognised a part of the amusement that we do not wonder that Scrutator puts his moral in a very strong light. It is, indeed, the primary hobby—the germ of all the fiction—that the author has some point which he thinks a great point, and in behalf of which he is ready to do battle with count-

less hosts of imaginary villains. Scrutator's hobby is the wickedness of flirting. There is a villain of a lady-killer who has the blackest hair and the blackest heart, and who sacrifices any amount of female happiness. In opposition to him there is a strong-hearted, virtuous, incorruptible hero and lover, who is so very anxious not to give his mistress false hopes, that he keeps her waiting through chapter after chapter. And he preaches what he practises, for he thinks nothing of going up to any lady, and conjuring her not to flirt either with men in general, or with his cousin, the handsome villain, in particular. It is a very good moral, and we can only hope that Scrutator, for whom the novel is written, will profit by it. The evil of flirting, however, though the principal, is not the only moral—there are subsidiary morals, and they are introduced in the most direct and artless manner. Scrutator, for instance, wishes to say a few words on the impropriety of unfit persons taking orders. Accordingly he makes his hero have a momentary fancy for the clerical profession, and consult his friend Goodman on the subject. Goodman makes in reply the sort of observations which we confidently expect when we come to his name, and the hero is saved from the false step he thought of taking. Such is the way in which Scrutator beguiles the "*tedium vite*."

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* *The Squire of Beechwood*. A True Tale. By Scrutator. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

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